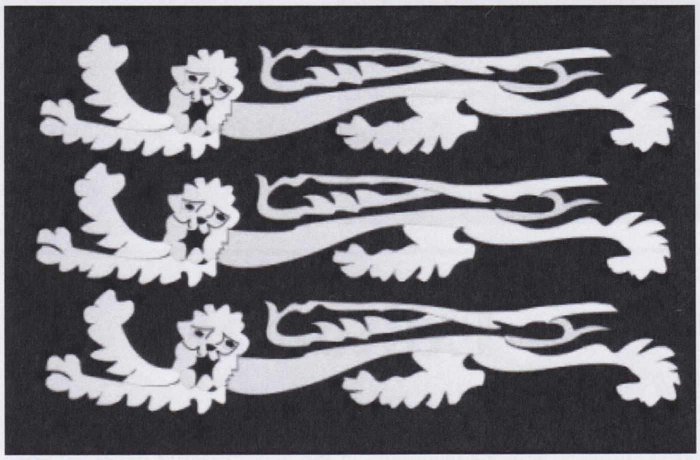
Heritage and Destiny



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DAILY EXPRESS

No. 14,708 Lighting-up: 10.50 pm to 5.23 am FRIDAY AUGUST 1 1947 Weather: Bright periods, thunder

TEL-AVIV SHOTS: FIVE JEWS KILLED, MANY INJURED

ATTLEE MAY TELL OF CUTS IN BREAD AND BUTTER

HOLIDAYS ABROAD BARRED FOR BRITISH CHILDREN

HANGED BRITONS: Picture that will shock the world

Food from abroad is cut

BUTTER RATION MAY BE HALVED

By GUY EDEN

MR. ATTLEE, in his speech to the Commons next Wednesday in the two-day state-of-the-nation debate, is expected to announce these cuts in the drive to save dollars:

BUTTER ration down by a half—it now represents a weekly average of 3ozs.;

BREAD allowance down by a quarter—to an average of 27 B.U.s a month; and

PETROL ration down by a third — the basic unit to revert to the one-gallon value instead of being worth 1½ gallons as now.

MEAT is also likely to be cut from today's 1s. 2d. worth a week (2d. worth in corned beef). The cut will not be severe at first, but the ration may have to be reduced again later.

SUGAR is also believed to be on the Premier's cuts-to-come list.

But the MARGARINE ration—weekly average at present is 3ozs.—may be slightly increased.

Food from our land is wasted

Cabbages fed to sheep

By KENNETH PIPE

FARMERS in the West Country, dealing with a better-than-expected early harvest, are finding markets glutted with vegetables.

Many have stopped digging potatoes because Bristol and other towns are over-supplied with "earlies" at about 1½d. a lb. Unless arrangements can be made for switching the potatoes to other parts of the country, the farmers say they will lose heavily.

Cabbages (3d. to 4d. a lb. in the shops) and cauliflowers (4d. to 8d. a lb.) are also piling up.

Some farmers have turned sheep on to cabbage fields rather than suffer losses on the market.

Lettuces (costing the housewife from 1d. to 4d. each) are being refused at 1d. each by retailers.

Runner beans were sold in Evesham (Worcs) wholesale

ABBEY WEDDING FOR THE PRINCESS

On November 20

Express Staff Reporter

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten will be married at Westminster Abbey at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday, November 20, it was announced from Buckingham Palace last night.

The King had revealed this at a Privy Council meeting earlier in the day when he gave formal consent to the marriage.

Preliminary arrangements will be made before the end of next week when the Royal Family start their holiday at Balmoral. The holiday may be cut to enable the Princess to be in London for first fittings at her dressmakers.

DRIVE IN STATE

It is expected that Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Alan C. Don, will solemnise the marriage, with Dr. Garbett, Archbishop of York, taking part in the service.

There will almost certainly be a state drive from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey.

Arrangements have been made to show all the Princess's wedding gifts in the state rooms of St. James's Palace. The public will be admitted on payment of a sum which will be given to a charity.

It will probably be an austerity wedding—morning clothes for men and long dresses for women taking the place of Court dress.

'Tell Dutch to go back'

NEW YORK, Thursday.—The war in Java should be called off at once and the Dutch should go back to their original positions, India's spokesman, Mr. B. R. Sen, told the Security Council today. Otherwise the Dutch would have an unduly favourable advantage when the time came for talks.

The Dutch representative, Dr. Van Kleffens, said his Government was going to invite other Governments to send delegates to Indonesia "to report their findings."

Dutch warship sunk

BATAVIA, Thursday.—The Dutch admitted today that Indonesians have sunk a Dutch warship off Central Java. The city of Malang has been captured from the Indonesians.—Express News Service.

'Undeclared war'

NEW YORK, Thursday.—Greece tonight charged Albania, Bulgaria

Shots in Tel-Aviv: 5 Jews die

STAY-PUT SHIPS FOR

IN A GROVE OF EUCALYPTUS . .

RADIOED from Jerusalem last night, this Daily Express picture was taken in a eucalyptus grove south of Nathanya, Palestine.

The bodies of murdered Clifford Martin and Mervyn Paice—British security ser-

999 AT MIDNIGHT

Woman held

Express Staff Reporter

Forgotten British Heroes

Remembered at Trafalgar Square ceremony

Richard Edmonds reports

see page 17

also in this issue:

Ian Smith: The Debunking of a Myth

a new series by Stephen Goodson

see pages 8-10

and

ANZACs under fire – *The Water Diviner* reviewed by Mark Cotterill – *see page 24*

Editor: Mark Cotterill: Assistant Editors: Martin Kerr and Peter Rushton
Webmaster: Andy Ritchie: Sales Manager: Anne Wright
Patrons: Jock Spooner, and Jamie Begg, B.A.
UK address: 40 Birkett Drive, Preston, Lancashire, PR2 6HE, Great Britain
U.S. address: P. O. Box 8336, Silver Spring, MD 20907, USA
Tel: (44) 07833 677484: Website: www.heritageanddestiny.com
ISSN 1741-8941: Electronic Mail: heritageanddestiny@yahoo.com

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Editorial

Welcome to issue 68 of *Heritage and Destiny.* It was good to meet so many subscribers at the annual Battle of the Boyne celebrations/Orange parades, first in Southport on July 11 and two days later in Belfast on July 13. It was great weekend, and almost trouble free, which will have upset all those left-wing/republican types – on both sides of the Irish Sea – who would love to see "The State" ban what an American movement activist (while on vacation in Belfast) once described as "Europe's largest White Cultural festival"!

I'm looking forward to meeting many more of you at this year's John Tyndall Memorial Meeting, in Preston, on October 10. This year will be the 10th anniversary of JT's untimely death and I hope I can count on you all to support the meeting, in record numbers (full details enclosed with this issue).

Well what would JT have made of the sorry state of British nationalist parties, ten years on? The expression "turn in one's grave" springs to mind.

As Peter Rushton points out in "Movement News" (pages 22 & 23) nationalists have all but given up the "electoral road" for now. However, the good sign is that they have not given up full stop (period to our American readers). The amount of marches, demonstrations and meetings, going on up and down the country is very encouraging, even though the numbers attending some of them are not.

In many ways we as a movement have gone back in time – almost fifty years – to a pre-1967 situation, to just before the National Front was formed. With many small (tiny even) nationalist groups and parties all doing their own thing, some competing against each other, some at least trying to work together, and some doing basically nothing at all because "it's all lost now, and not worth fighting on anymore". You know the type I mean.

The big difference between now and the movement pre-1967 is of course the internet. With many nationalists (of all ages) spending almost all their time and energy on the internet, and doing hardly anything for the cause in the real world. JT could see this coming fifteen years ago and did warn us organisers about this problem, but of course nothing practical was ever done to counter this and it's maybe a hundred times worse now.

To be fair, a Racial Holy War, of sorts, is being fought by White nationalists, oh yes, but it's not on the streets of Blackburn, Bradford or Oldham, oh no, it's being waged on the internet forms of *Stormfront* and *VNN* and other such nutty sites. White nationalists are also battling away day and night for race and nation, on the pages ("walls" to be precise) of *Facebook* and other so-called social media outlets!

As an American comrade, during the days of the AF-BNP, used to say to me; "Mark – you just could not make it up", or "Mark – they would never believe us back home".

John Tyndall *(right)* an inspiration to nationalists, both young and old

Well actually they would comrade, as it's probably even worse in the States for what they laughably call "the movement". And let's be honest that's where the problem started from – and then spread over to Europe.

Anyway, back to the point. If we are to motivate our people, young and not-so-young, to get away from the racial politics of the internet forums and the battlefields of social-media even for a few hours each week, to do some proper, practical "movement stuff" – back to basics stuff; leafleting, postering/stickering, attending demos, protests and meetings, we need to lead by example – yes us – you and I, as there are no John Tyndalls or Colin Jordans, or Oswald Mosleys for them to look up to for inspiration anymore.

John Tyndall really wanted to be part of the National Front in 1967, but could not be personally involved at the start, at least publicly. However he closed his own group (Greater Britain Movement) down, and encouraged those of his followers who could do so to get involved in the new venture/party – the NF – which many did. And as they say the rest is history.

If you are an active Nationalist why not buy some extra copies of this issue to give out (or sell them!) at your next branch meeting – it's another great issue and should 'sell like hot cakes'! And as always we also need your regular donations – however large or small, every Dollar, Pound or even Euro counts. Please try and send in whatever you can afford. Thanks once again for your support, together we will win.

Heritage and Destiny

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American Renaissance 2015

The warm sunshine of an early spring (which comes many weeks earlier in Tennessee than in England) welcomed a large gathering of nationalists, patriots and unorthodox thinkers to the now established venue for the *American Renaissance* conference in beautiful Montgomery Bell State Park, some forty miles or so from Nashville.

We were 183 paying delegates this year, but that does not include AmRen staffers and technical people, so in truth the conference is running up against the limit of 200 that can be accommodated at Montgomery Bell. If you're thinking of coming in 2016, which I recommend, book early!

This year's delegates were distinctly more, well, diverse in most ways than previous AR conferences. The exception was in nationality, or at any rate, geography. So far as I know, Matt Tait and I were the only delegates who had made the journey from England (though not, as you will hear, the only Englishmen present).

We, a Latvian who was one of the speakers, a Frenchman and an Argentine were to my knowledge the only delegates from outside North America, while even the Canadians were few. The days are long past when a large group of Brits would come over for the event.

Otherwise, not only were numbers pleasingly up again (183 from 165 in 2014) but, better still, there were even more young people than in 2014, mostly college students, more women delegates attended, and, believe it or not, the conference welcomed its first African-American delegate, a tall, very striking young woman.

(*above right*) *American Renaissance* founder Jared Taylor, seen here at the Washington DC Press Club with nationalist broadcaster James Edwards. A few weeks after AR 2015, Mr Taylor was interviewed across America defending the traditional use of the Confederate flag by Southerners. (*below left*) The after dinner speaker at this year's event was the humorist and video blogger RamZPaul, while (*below right*) veteran Georgia attorney Sam Dickson gave his traditional closing "benediction for heretics" and hosted the now equally traditional drinks party and barbeque.

It's no surprise that the usual suspects did not mention that a gathering of alleged "haters" welcomed a black woman, who sat in on some very frank discussions of racial matters, in no way bowdlerised by reason of her presence, but we don't expect fair treatment from the usual suspects at the Southern Poverty Law Centre (the U. S. A.'s more moneyed answer to the sordid gang of criminal lowlife in Fagin's kitchen at *Searchlight* magazine).

Out of curiosity, I asked the lady what her friends thought about her attending AR, to which she answered that her black friends were intrigued, but her white liberal friends were horrified, and warned her that she would surely be lynched and never seen or heard of again! Liberals really do live in a mad fantasy world of their own.

After the customary warm welcome from Jared Taylor on Friday night, the wise retired early, in anticipation of a long day on Saturday. So it proved to be, but not one minute would I willingly have missed.

Our first and much awaited speaker was Matt Tait, formerly a well-known BNP member, who left the party some years ago, but not a day too soon, and is now one of the leadership group of Western Spring.

Matt had endured a grim journey following the cancellation of his connecting flight from Washington D. C. to Nashville, necessitating a twelve or thirteen hour long drive (distances in the U. S. A. never cease to amaze me, however many times I visit. So does the generally poor plight and condition of its transport infrastructure, whether airports, railways or roads, all which fall far below European standards.) Despite that, Matt was on good form and presented a lively talk, giving his own take on the reasons for his old party's decline to complete irrelevance.

For my part, I was surprised how relatively uncritical Matt remains of Nick Griffin. He attributed the party's decline and fall largely to a disconnect between a leader who was absent too much of the time in Brussels, while trying nevertheless to micro-manage the party back home, as well as to a loss of confidence by many in the integrity of the party's management of members' funds.

While no doubt those propositions are true so far as they go, the first (it seems to me) overlooks the several deeply damaging splits and departures of key personnel that happened as a result of Nick Griffin's arbitrary, capricious and authoritarian leadership style long before he was elected as a MEP in 2009, while the second also dates back to May 2000, only nine months into Nick Griffin's leadership, when he suspended then party treasurer Mike Newland for having the temerity to ask (in the late, much lamented Jonathan Bowden's immortal words) "where's that quid?".

Next up was Richard Spencer, one of the leading figures in the phalanx of well educated, articulate young nationalists that is emerging in America (in striking and worrying contrast to England, where surprisingly little new blood emerged in the long period when British nationalism enjoyed a considerable measure of electoral success, and still less will come to the fore now that the movement has plunged back into the abyss).

Richard is increasingly interested in the struggle of ideas as opposed to party politics. His excellent magazine *Radix* is going to play an important party in that struggle. He is a raw, powerful speaker, who can command an audience.

My one criticism would be that he was perhaps a little too harsh in tone in the presence of what was, after all, a completely sympathetic audience, not helped by working into the small hours of Saturday morning on his speech. Loosen up a little, my friend and comrade! We're not hate filled white liberals!

This year's *American Renaissance* panel: (*back row, left to right*) Richard Spencer, John Derbyshire, RamZPaul, Peter Brimelow and Matt Tait; (*front row, left to right*) Konstantins Purpurs, Jared Taylor, and Sam Dickson

The third speaker of the day was Peter Brimelow, one of two long standing British expats to address this year's conference. A cultured, interesting man who retains his north country accent despite many decades spent stateside, he spoke about the increasing impact of mass immigration upon the U. S. A.

We broke for lunch, then returned to hear Latvian patriot Konstantins Pupurs talk about nationalist movements in the Baltic republics, though really he focussed almost entirely on his native Latvia.

Jared Taylor spoke next, making the first of three appearances at the conference, before a coffee break, followed by an innovation, a debate that Jared moderated between Peter Brimelow and fellow British expat John Derbyshire on the one hand and Americans Sam Dickson and Richard Spencer on the other about whether nationalists can hope to achieve anything by engaging in party politics and working within the system. The Brits said yes, the Americans no. For your information, the noes prevailed by a small margin.

After a further break to rearrange the conference hall for dinner, we came back for the banquet, followed by an entertaining yet thought provoking speech from RamZPaul on the "red pill" (clue, remember the *Matrix*!) Any after dinner speech by RamZPaul is amusing, provocative and informative in equal measure, and this year's was no exception. Many thought his contribution the highlight of the conference.

After dinner, Sam Dickson hosted a marvellous drinks party and barbeque at his chalet, which was an even bigger success than last year's. There can be no more convivial and no more effective a networking event for patriots and nationalists than Sam's party.

I am not a morning person, as some of you will know, but this year even after the party, I was up bright and early for the mandatory 9 o'clock start on Sunday, when Jared Taylor gave a heartfelt and emotional personal tribute to the much revered Sam Francis, followed by Sam Dickson's now traditional *envoi*, his Benediction for Heretics.

We were on our way home (or in my case, to continue my tour of the U. S. A.) by noon, but we didn't travel far before stopping for a convivial lunch, appropriately in Dickson, TN, then a visit to Nashville to see the sights before dinner and the road (the endless American road!).

My executive summary? Another very successful conference. AmRen clearly has momentum and has long since moved on from the bad years when "anti-fascists" successfully nobbled its venues. This year, incidentally, the turnout of "anti-fa" was truly pathetic, inviting contemptuous derision, just as such dregs of society deserve.

The delegates are on average much younger than those of ten years ago, and many are very well educated and exude an air of dynamism. More women are attending, but still AmRen has not mustered a single woman speaker. It's possible to fret too much about gender balance, but not one woman speaker in 21 conferences isn't good.

Sam Dickson said in self-deprecating mood that this year's conference was too much of a "Sam and Jared show". For my part, I always find hearing both gentlemen speak a joy and a privilege. I do however see how those who are regulars on the American nationalist circuit (which I, living in England, am not) might welcome a greater variety of speakers.

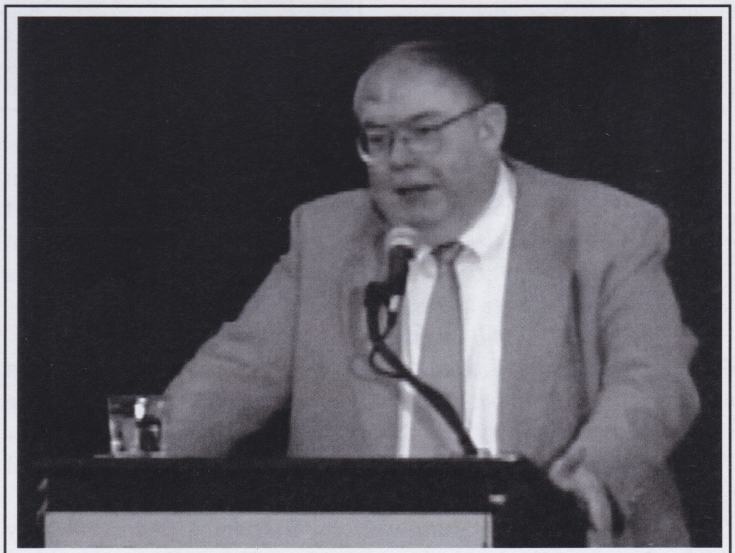
My one personal criticism, which I hope is constructive, and not merely a gripe, is that this year we really had far too much video. I've previously observed that the days are long past when dissidents could rarely if ever avail themselves of the powerful media of audio and video, as opposed to the printed word. Nowadays, all kinds of material is up on YouTube as well as other, more radical web sites. In my opinion when a movement's key cadres, activists and intellectuals, have gathered at great expense in one place for a weekend, time is far too precious to spend it watching home movies.

While Matt Tait's short promotional video for *Western Spring* (an organisation/website that in my humble opinion is based upon multiple crass strategic and tactical misconceptions) was (despite my stated complete lack of enthusiasm for the organisation that it promotes) technically admirable, punchy (quite literally: watch it, and you'll see what I mean!) short and to the point, I found Mr Pupurs' film about national-cultural events in Latvia initially moving and impressive, but eventually too long.

Far worse, I fear were the old, rather too numerous and often poor quality clips of Sam Francis' speeches to AR conferences of many years ago. They struck the wrong note, too backward looking and nostalgic for the youthful and forward looking atmosphere of AR nowadays, not to mention serving as a painful reminder to some of the veterans how much younger they looked in 1998!

Despite that criticism, the overall impression was hugely positive, and I am looking forward to returning to the fair state of Tennessee for *American Renaissance* 2016!

Adrian Davies, Bromley, Kent



The late, great Dr. Sam Francis (1947-2005) – historian, political analyst and syndicated columnist – was remembered at this year's *American Renaissance* ten years after his death. See *H&D* Issue 20 for our obituary of Sam Francis.

Live by the MAC-10, Die by the MAC-10

Paul Massey – one of Britain's leading organised crime figures – was shot dead near his home in Salford on Sunday 26th July.

Massey was a former leading activist in the anarchist group Class War, and together with members of the infamous Noonan family had played a bizarre double role in violent 'anti-fascism' and straightforward brutal criminality. Much of this background was covered in my review of the "anti-fascist" book *No Retreat*, a decade ago in *H&D* issue 15, and again during later articles in issues 46, 48 and 56.

However for the past year Massey had campaigned for UKIP, and less than three weeks before his murder sent a tweet apparently accusing Dominic Noonan (once his anti-fascist comrade and gangland confederate) of being a paid police informant.

In 2012 Massey was a candidate for Mayor of Salford: his campaign manager Nic Seddon was later jailed for murdering his own parents. In April 2015 another close friend of Massey's, former boxer Paul 'One-Punch' Doyle, received a 16-year jail sentence for his role as boss of a heroin and cocaine empire.

The murder of Paul Massey threatens to spark a new Chicago-style gang war on the streets of North West England. It should also lead to a long overdue examination of the links between this gangland milieu and 'anti-fascist' politics – but sadly it won't: not in the mainstream media at any rate. However it wouldn't surprise me to see the national press taking a close look at one or two of Massey's UKIP associates and family friends.

Detectives investigating the Massey case will no doubt have the assistance of MI5, who began investigating his organised crime empire at least twenty years ago. One important informant was Ben Alagha, a former spy for the Shah of Iran's notorious secret service SAVAK. Alagha had taken refuge in London after the Iranian revolution and became a full-time criminal, eventually marrying the daughter of London mobster Henry Suttee.

In May 1997 Suttee was observed by police surveillance at the home of a North London arms dealer, in a car driven by Paul Massey's cousin Connie Howarth. Swooping on the car, police found three Ingram MAC-10 submachine guns and 360 rounds of ammunition. Another passenger in the car was Glasgow godfather Paul Ferris, a close associate of Paul Massey who (like the Salford 'Mr Big') ran a security company.

Some months earlier police had been gifted a connection to Ferris when one of his company's employees got blind drunk on the Euston-Glasgow train. Railway police boarded the train at Preston to deal with this drunken Glaswegian and found he was carrying a Ceska pistol with silencer and ammunition.

The Glasgow-Manchester axis also had a Dublin connection: unsurprisingly Ferris was a Celtic supporter and Massey a devoted Manchester United fan. They were among the large section of fans at both clubs with strong Irish Republican sympathies.

In March 2006, while Paul Massey was serving a prison sentence, one of his criminal cronies Bobby Spiers, a director of Massey's Salford security firm PMS, planned a gangland murder from an exclusive hospitality box at Manchester United's Old Trafford stadium.

During half-time at the Man Utd v Newcastle match, thinking he had the perfect alibi, Spiers coordinated with Massey's cousin Connie Howarth, who was acting as his spotter inside a Salford pub, the Brass Handles. Once she gave the word that target David Totton was inside the pub, Spiers instructed his hired gunmen (two members of a black gang controlling the heroin trade in Manchester's West Indian ghetto, Moss Side) to move in.

They shot Totton in the face and chest but failed to kill him. Other gangsters in the pub then overpowered the bungling would-be assassins and shot them dead with their own guns. Nine years on, Massey's own killer didn't botch his job. It would not be surprising to learn that the chosen weapon was a reactivated MAC-10, which fires a thirty-round clip in only two seconds. Manchester's chief constable Sir Peter Fahy (due to retire in October and already seen as a lame duck) insists that his force has a grip on local gang crime, but suggests that there are at least three brutal gang wars under way on his patch, one of them over 'respect' or lack of it between rivals. The late Mr Massey had recently shown little respect for his former ally in 'anti-fascism' and crime, Dominic Noonan, accusing Noonan of involvement in rape, gay paedophilia and being a police informer. Not much honour it seems among 'anti-fascists', gunmen or thieves.

Peter Rushton, Manchester, England

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Homo Sapiens or Homo Obsequens
– Wise Man or Conformist Man?

When anthropologists chose the name *Homo sapiens* – wise man – for our species, they showed that they were not dispassionate observers. Whilst *Homo sapiens* undoubtedly had rather greater intellectual ability than his predecessors, those predecessors were not exactly threatening competitors.

The characteristic that is much more widely distributed throughout our species is not wisdom but a desire to conform. If wisdom is the capacity to discern and use evidence in rational argument, our drive to conform to dominant opinion serves too readily to stifle that process.

We have seen this drive historically, among otherwise intelligent people, to conform to the most absurd of beliefs. The belief in witchcraft was not only absurd but tragic and cruel in its consequences and yet otherwise intellectually-able people seemed to subscribe to the belief.

In more recent years, academics have demonstrated that this drive did not die in antiquity. A cabal of psychologists from Yale University during the Post-Second World War period provided graphic demonstrations of it. The first generation of these academics was led by one Soloman Asch and the second generation by Stanley Milgram, whose resemblance to Woody Allen is striking but clearly of no consequence.

Richard Burton as O'Brien and John Hurt as Winston Smith in the most recent film version of *1984*. O'Brien and Big Brother demanded not merely obedience (enforced where necessary by torture) but that heretics should be made genuinely to believe that two plus two equals five.

Milgram conducted an experiment that was described to its participants as an experiment in perception but it was, in reality, an experiment in conformity.

Milgram would assemble a group of student volunteers who would be shown a card, to the left, with three vertical lines of different lengths marked on it. They would then be shown a card, to the right, with one vertical line marked on it. The students were asked, individually and in turn, which of the lines on the left-hand card most nearly approximated the length of the line on the right hand card. The experiment was repeated with a whole series of cards with three lines, to the left, and one line, to the right.

The answer, on each occasion, was glaringly obvious but five of the six students repeatedly gave the same wrong answer. Why? Because, unknown to the sixth student, they were in league with the experimenter. Only the sixth student was a genuine guinea pig in the experiment. The guinea pig started by supplying the correct answer but, in 60% of the experiments, ended by conforming to provide the same wrong answer as the other students.

In 60% of experiments, the guinea pig denied the evidence of his own eyes and conformed to the answer provided by the other students. The desire for conformity was a more pressing need than the desire for objective accuracy.

Milgram justified the experiment by claiming that it was an attempt to explain conformity under totalitarian régimes in the past. I cannot resist the temptation of believing that it was to provide a blueprint for enforcing conformity in the future.

If this instinct to conform is genetic and has been developed through natural selection, what function could it possibly fulfill? Perhaps we should not assume that all inherited characteristics have positive functions or indeed any functions at all.

The answer might be that in prehistoric societies, facing scarce resources and threatening climates, co-operation was vital to survival. Conformity, with regard to prescriptive behaviour, is the essence of organisation – turning a collection of individuals into the semblance of a single organism.

It is possible that the inherited tendency does not distinguish between conformity of prescriptive behaviour and conformity of descriptive fact.

In Milgram's experiment, the only inducement to conform was the opportunity to enjoy the cosy feeling of consensus and mutual approval. In mediaeval society (indeed in primitive societies that exist today) a failure to conform to religious and superstitious beliefs might result in horrific punishments.

Even in modern academic circles, there are issues on which conformity is demanded. The threats range from loss of status and respect, through social opprobrium and loss of promotion to loss of employment.

The issues include the nature-nurture debate (or perhaps we should call it the nurture-nurture compulsory consensus). On this issue, the eminent psychologist, Hans Eysenck, was physically attacked by left-wing thugs eager to enforce the Political Class's compulsory consensus. They include any suggestion that different races have different average IQ scores. We saw the enforced retirement of Frank Ellis from Leeds University, because he arrived at heretical conclusions on this issue.

On these issues, the weight of evidence is on the side of the heretics and that evidence is there to be seen by all. However, there is a self-enforced blindness that prevents that evidence from being seen, recognised and acknowledged by the people who matter – the people who take decision on behalf of us all.

On the continent of Europe, in many countries, there is an enforced consensus on where, to what extent and by whom genocide had or might have been committed. In France, one might be found in the dock and convicted, because of an ill-chosen word or phrase. It is not necessary to have decided consciously to embark on a course of heresy. A French MEP was asked by a journalist about his views on the holocaust. He said that he did not want to engage in that debate. His use of the (French equivalent of) the word debate was enough to ensure that he was prosecuted and convicted. The word debate suggested that there might be doubt about the

matter. His conviction was several years later quashed on appeal but only after it had done him some considerable damage.

Criminal prosecutions for thought crime in the United Kingdom, are usually restricted to Nationalist activists. This serves the additional function of 'balancing' prosecutions of Islamist terrorists with prosecutions of Nationalists whose weapons have only been words.

In Establishment circles: the public sector, the media, and academe, drastic punishments are rare because they are unnecessary. The instinctive drive to conform produces the learned consensus. If a potentially-erring functionary felt tempted by a piece of evidence that might undermine the consensus, an internal warning signal would sound calling the functionary to order and obedience. Orwell called this device crime-stop. Heresy would be avoided and consensus would be restored.

The functionary does not have the opportunity to contemplate his blindness to evidence, his weakness, his cowardice, his flight from reason. It all happens so quickly, so smoothly. It happens unnoticed to all but the seasoned outside observer.

As Inner Party member, O'Brien, explained in Orwell's *Nineteen-Eighty-Four*: it was not sufficient to achieve compliance, when encouraging a subject to agree to an obviously false answer. It was necessary that the erstwhile or potential heretic really believed that two plus two equalled five, if that should be demanded by Big Brother.

What evidence is there for such compliance in practice?

The most topical at the time of writing, would be the findings of the inquiry into organised grooming and child abuse by Asian men in Rotherham. This had been happening for years with 1,400 known victims. However, the police, the media, the political parties (apart from Nationalists) and Rotherham Council Social Services had all denied knowledge and persecuted and threatened the victims and those who sought to help them.

At a more general ideological level, nurture is presumed to be the only plausible explanation for aberrant conduct, especially motiveless violent conduct. Nature (or heredity) is eclipsed from consideration. Nature is not so much dismissed with or even without argument. It is not considered at all.

Articles or broadcast programmes about serial killers ask the assumption-laden rhetorical question: "What could have turned Harold Shipman/Peter Sutcliffe/Mary Cotton into a conscienceless killer?" The hypothesis that they might have been conceived and born conscienceless killers does not see the light of day. One does not need to be a Hobbesian protagonist to recognise such an approach as deeply-flawed.

Peoples of the world are presented in the media and in public debate as being of equal ability or at least equal potential, when the evidence from IQ test results shows that there are significant differences in average test scores between different population groups.

Different population groups are presented as peoples capable of equal achievement, when the evidence shows great variation in artistic, scientific and technological achievement – nearly all of it coming from people of European descent. Some population groups were still living in the Stone Age until rescued from it by traders or colonists.

Public policy is based on a demonstrably false premise and nobody has the courage or foolhardiness to point it out. Immigration from the Third World is seen as an appropriate compensation for falling European birthrates. Third World immigrants are seen as substitute Europeans, when in reality they turn parts of Britain and the rest of Europe into parts of the Third World.

It would appear that reason has been defeated and eclipsed by the desire for conformity.

The principal reason that *Homo sapiens* emerged as the unchallenged global master was his intellectual superiority. If that superiority has proved to be vulnerable on key issues in important areas of public policy that superiority has been badly dented.

What is the answer? Can people be taught to defy conformity?

Perhaps we should start by examining which sections of the population are less inclined to obey the drive for conformity.

The largest by number would be those who have least influence over decisions or the implementation of decisions in the public sector or in areas of similar importance to the political class. These would include skilled manual workers and the semi-skilled or unskilled. In *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, they were designated the proles. Orwell described them as being left to themselves with little surveillance or control. Why? Because they had no power.

Nationalists have tended to concentrate their efforts on winning the support of those without power and have experienced some success. People have been elected on the strength of that success. However, the wielders of power and influence have been largely unaffected.

We might be tempted to pay attention to the 40% of guinea pigs in Milgram's experiment, who did not conform, even by the end of the experiment. However, we must remember that the only incentive towards conformity in Milgram's experiments was desire for social consensus. There were no threats to deter heresy. How many of the 40% would defy conformity if threatened with social ostracism or loss of promotion or employment? I suspect the answer would be, very few.

What about those who choose to be openly defiant? They would include isolated academics – some of whom have suffered loss of status and position and some have suffered physically for their heresy. Some of these did not seek heresy but found themselves propelled by intellect and evidence to arrive at conclusions unpopular among the arbiters of orthodoxy and heresy.

There are some – active Nationalists in particular – who seem to have been born as square pegs that do not fit easily into holes of any dimensions. Indeed, human progress has depended on a small number of heretics, just as much as on a generality of conformists. I have heard it suggested that political or religious heretics might occupy lower rungs on the autistic scale. However, I shall leave that hypothesis to others to test.

Some of these are so ill-fitting that they start from the assumption that everything stated by the Establishment can be regarded as false, without putting it to the test. That can be self-defeating. Scepticism is nearly always a virtue. Automatic rejection of all received opinion, without supporting evidence, serves to give scepticism a bad name. Those who play the part of caricature refuters are, in reality, serving the conformist cause.

The question that we face is how we might influence the policy-makers and publicists. If all the Emperor's courtiers appear to accept the consensus that he is wearing a new suit of clothes, how can we embolden one or more of them to point out that the Emperor is really naked?

There is the underlying question of whether we – political activists – ought to be seen to be doing the influencing. There is a powerful argument that political activists pursuing academic causes do lethal harm to both the causes and to themselves.

I do not claim to have the answer to all these questions and, if I did, it would perhaps be unwise to provide it here in a public article. However, it should be a matter of urgent debate among those of us who understand the problem and would like to find a solution.

Andrew Brons, Harrogate, Yorkshire

Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith – *The Debunking of a Myth: Part I*

During the 1960s and 1970s Ian Douglas Smith was one of the best known political leaders on the world stage. His fame extended far beyond the English-speaking world and the British Commonwealth. The act which propelled him into the limelight was Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence on 11 November 1965.

In June 1966 he appeared to have superseded the Queen of Great Britain temporarily, when the latter on an official visit to Brussels was confronted with a banner reading "God Save Ian Smith". In December 1966, in a poll conducted by the BBC, Smith was voted "Man of the Year".

In Rhodesia "Good old Smithy" became a charismatic hero adulated and idolised with blind loyalty by most white Rhodesians, while in Great Britain and in the British dominions he was hailed by many, in conservative and patriotic circles, as a man of principle and as a saviour of Western civilisation, who had the courage to stand up defiantly against the New World Order and its architects, the international bankers.

In the end Rhodesia did not last the predicted 1,000 years, but barely more than a decade before descending into the chaos of a banker-ruled fiefdom with a black puppet installed as head of state.

The purpose of this book is to examine the real Ian Smith and to reveal his true character, to expose his obsession with liberalism and the deceptive role which he played in the disintegration of Rhodesia and civilised rule in Southern Africa.

Since the 1960s Ian Smith has been perceived as a fearless defender of White interests in an increasingly treacherous world.

YOUTH

Ian Douglas Smith was born on 8 April 1919 in Selukwe, a small farming and mining town about 190 miles (310 km) south-west of Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia. His father was John Douglas "Jock" Smith, a cattle breeder and butcher who came from Hamilton in Lanarkshire, Scotland and emigrated to Rhodesia to join his elder brother George, as an 18-year-old in 1898. His mother Agnes (née Hodgson) was born in Frizington, Cumberland, England where she married Jock Smith and returned with him to Rhodesia in 1911. Jock Smith became a leading cattle farmer and founded the Selukwe Freemasons' Lodge,[1] while his wife established the Selukwe Women's Institute.

Ian Smith attended Selukwe Primary School and was thereafter sent to Chaplin High School in Gwelo about 19 miles (30 km) away. In his final year he was made head prefect and was captain of the cricket, rugby and tennis teams. Smith conceded that he was "an absolute lunatic about sport" and neglected his studies to the extent that he later "regretted his indolence".[2] According to his headmaster at Chaplin, Leonard Morgan, "he was an average scholar".[3] This failure to develop his intellectual capabilities would later hinder his ability to understand and react to the subterranean forces, which were determined to reduce Rhodesia and all its people to the status of serfs of the international bankers.

In January 1938 Smith enrolled for a three year Bachelor of Commerce degree at Rhodes University, Grahamstown, South Africa. He resided at College House where all those students who were sportsmen gravitated. As a result of a knee injury Smith was prevented from playing rugby and took up rowing as the stroke for the university crew.

WORLD WAR II

World War II broke out on 1 September 1939 after the Germans were forced to retaliate against the Poles, who had been provoking them for many years with constant harassment, persecution and murder of thousands of ethnic Germans.[4] The Poles were the instrument who were used by the international bankers in order to start this war.

Although to all intents and purposes a dominion, Rhodesia was dragged into this futile and fratricidal war as Great Britain was still responsible for Southern Rhodesia's foreign affairs, although not its defence, and a symbolic declaration of war was made after the tribal chiefs had been consulted. The real origins of this war were the Rothschilds' urgent need to eradicate the independent and usury-free monetary systems of Germany, Italy and Japan.[5] For this purpose as in World War I, which was used to destroy the State Bank of the Russian Empire, England and America were again cajoled in order to carry out the international bankers' instructions.

The following extract from Smith's autobiography illustrates his woeful ignorance of the true causes of World War II.

And if one looks back and analyses the history of the past half century, the pages are littered with cases of how détente, or 'diplomacy', has been corrupted into appeasement, to the advantage of dictators or political gangsters, be they Nazis, fascists or communists. Always it is to the disadvantage of the free world. One of the early classic examples was Chamberlain's meeting with Hitler in 1938, after which he returned to London and holding in his hand the paper which Hitler and he had signed, claimed to have brought back 'peace in our time'. In fact all he had done was to condone Germany's invasion of Austria and Czechoslovakia, and thus give the Nazi tyrants the green light for the rape of Poland, which led to the Second World War. If the major countries of the free world had made a concerted stand at that time, confronting German aggression, it is likely that the war, with all its dreadful carnage and suffering, could have been averted.

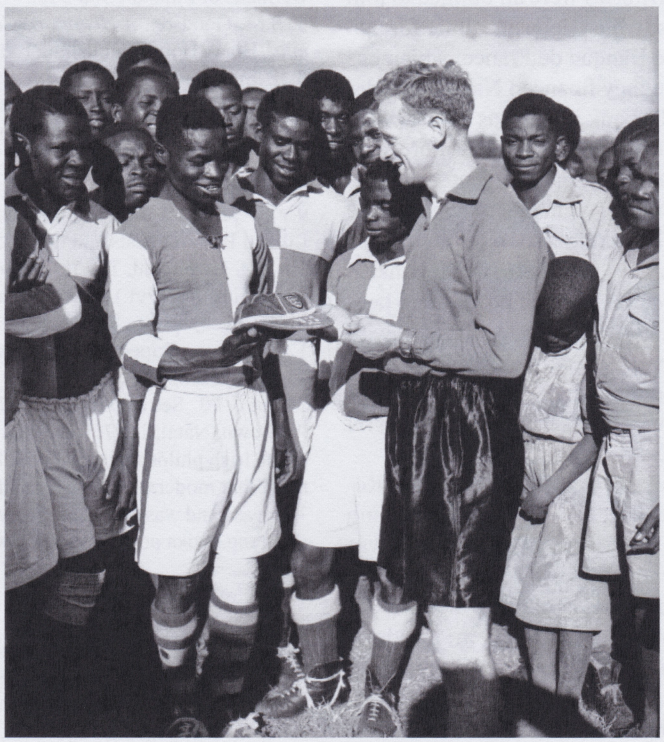
Fortunately for Britain, and indeed the whole free world, we had Winston Churchill, who had warned time and again against appeasing the German war machine with its maniacal demagogues. The cost in human lives and suffering for that period of détente was a dreadful price to pay.[6]

Contrary to Smith's notions, Austria and the western part of Czechoslovakia, the Sudetenland, were German-speaking territories where in the former case 99% of the population in a referendum held on 10 April 1938 voted for *Anschluss* or union with Germany, while Slovakia seceded to become an independent state on 14 March 1939. In many parts of Eastern Europe such as the Baltic states and the Ukraine, the German soldiers were welcomed as liberators.[7]

In the middle of 1940 Smith suspended his studies in order to train as a pilot, even though he transgressed government regulations which exempted all undergraduates from military service. After a year's training at Guinea Fowl near Gwelo under the Empire Air Training Scheme, Smith qualified as a pilot. He was posted to the No. 237 (Rhodesia) Squadron which operated from the Middle East. By the time he arrived there in November 1942 the battle of Alamein had been fought and won, and his duties were confined mainly to patrolling the Mediterranean Sea.

In October 1943, while taking off from Ideu base near Alexandria, Egypt, the throttle of his new Hurricane malfunctioned and he crashed into a bank of sandbags. He sustained serious injuries to his head, face, leg and shoulder. Surgeons rebuilt his face with the aid of skin grafts and plastic surgery at the 15th Scottish Hospital in Cairo. He resumed flying (this time in a Mark IX Spitfire) in March 1944. Three months later on 22 June 1944 his oil sump was hit by flak while flying over the Ligurian Alps and he was forced to bail out over enemy lines. Shortly thereafter he joined the Italian partisans and for the next four months was involved in various hit-and-run strikes and sabotage operations against enemy installations. In October 1944 he walked across the Maritime Alps and was rescued by American troops one month later. He rejoined his squadron and spent the last months of war undertaking combat missions over Germany.

In 1946 Smith returned to complete his studies at Rhodes University. He was elected chairman of the Students' Representative Council (SRC). It was during his term of office that he would display the first signs of a tendency to prevaricate on important matters. At that time liberal ideas were flooding university campuses. A significant number of lecturers and students wanted to open up the university to non-whites. Eventually a vote was held in which the majority decided that the status quo should be retained. Throughout the debate Smith failed to give any direction as leader of the SRC and sat on the fence, but once the majority decision had been returned, he endorsed the result enthusiastically.[8]



England and Preston football legend Tom Finney (*above right*) visited Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) in 1955. During this period Northern Rhodesia was part of a Federation with Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) and Nyasaland (now Malawi): Ian Smith at first opposed federation then switched to the United Federal Party.

FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND (1953-1963)

After returning from Rhodes University Smith attended courses in agricultural husbandry at Gwebi Agricultural College from 1947-1948 with the aim of becoming a scientific farmer. In the latter year he married Janet Duvenhage, a widow with two infant children, Jean and Robert, and purchased a 3,600 acre (15 km^2) piece of land which he developed into a cattle, tobacco and maize farm. He named it "Gwenoro", which means place of the kudu.

In 1948 a general election was called in Southern Rhodesia as the ruling United Party had an unworkable majority,[9] but also apparently because a dispute had developed over the building of a reserve bank building, which was to serve Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland under the umbrella of the Central African Council.[10] Smith was approached to stand for the Liberal Party in the large constituency of Selukwe. His "innate ambition and flattery"[11] persuaded him to stand. The Liberal Party was in fact conservatively inclined and stood for parallel or separate development of the different races. Smith was duly elected receiving 361 votes of the 747 polled and at 29 years of age became the youngest member of parliament. During his first five years as a backbencher, Smith "was slow to make an impact".[12] His infrequent speeches, which were "not terribly inspiring",[13] revolved mainly around farming and mining. He was considered to be "a moderate"[14] and "was right in the middle on most issues".

In the early 1950s discussions took place between Sir Godfrey Huggins, prime minister of Southern Rhodesia (1933-1953) and leader of the United Party (UP), and the British government about a proposal to federate Northern and Southern Rhodesia.[15] By combining the copper mining of the north with the agriculture and industry of the south, it was reasoned that a more viable economic unit could be achieved. The Oppenheimer-Rothschild controlled copper mining companies were very keen as "they preferred to operate in a settler-controlled, rather than a British-controlled environment".[16] The Colonial Office in all likelihood considered this as an opportunity to reduce the costs of administering Northern Rhodesia, while the white Rhodesians hoped rather optimistically that the enlarged body would gain independence as a dominion at some future date.

Smith opposed Federation initially on the grounds that it would provide an opportunity for the British government to interfere in Southern Rhodesia's domestic affairs, but subsequently agreed. The leader of his party, Sir Raymond Stockil, was more forthright. He foresaw that the Federation might not be a success and demanded a prior agreement that in the event of dissolution, Southern Rhodesia would obtain independence immediately as a dominion. This clause was refused on the grounds of its negativity, which would preclude the raising of loans on the London bond market. It was also deemed "that it wouldn't be polite, to show that they distrusted the British government by insisting on guarantees".[17] If the Federation had set up a state banking entity creating its own money out of nothing for the purpose of financing infrastructure by means of zero interest bonds, this clause could have been ratified.

At the end of 1953 Smith resigned from the Liberal Party, which in the meantime had changed its name to the Rhodesia Party, and joined the United Federal Party (UFP). On 15 December of that year he was elected as the member of parliament for the Federal Assembly's constituency of Midlands. Smith continued in his role of backbencher, focusing his attention primarily on farming, European education and daylight saving.

On 12 November 1958 Smith was elected to the Federal Assembly as the member for Gwanda. In 1962 the Federal Minister of Education and Health, Bennie Goldberg, asked Smith if he would like to reduce his heavy workload by taking over his education portfolio. He approached Federal prime minister, Sir Roy Welensky (1956-1963), who said that Smith had not been pulling his weight and that, moreover, he was "extremely difficult to work with and a very obstinate man".[18] His final response was direct: "I will not have that man in my cabinet!"[19]

From an economic perspective, the Federation's major achievement was the construction of the Kariba Dam which has the largest reservoir volume in the world of 43.3 cubic miles (180.6 cubic kilometres). Its construction created the largest man-made lake in the world which is 1,930 square miles (5,000 square kilometres)[20] in extent. The

hydroelectric power plant is capable of producing 1.63 megawatts and generates 6,400 gigawatt hours per annum.[21]

In the early part of 1960 British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan embarked on a tour of British colonial Africa, which included the former colony of the Gold Coast (Ghana), and announced that the remains of the British Empire were about to be liquidated as the result of a wind of change, which would develop, ultimately – contrary to what he said in the Cape Town parliament on 16 March 1960[22] – into a "howling tempest".[23]

In 1960 sub-Saharan Africa was one of the most prosperous parts of the world. A net exporter of food with not one of its colonies burdened by international debt. This pleasant state of affairs would change dramatically over the ensuing years for the worse. In the former colonial territories of French West Africa the following formula for financial slavery was introduced. These 14 territories were all obliged to join the Central Bank of West African States, which deposits all its foreign reserves – currently $500 billion – at the Banque de France, which has been controlled by the Rothschilds since they financed Napoleon's demise in 1815. (Napoleon had founded the bank in 1800 as a state bank, which issued all government loans free of interest). Furthermore 85% of all the export earnings of these nominally independent countries have to be paid over to the Banque de France, which then invests these funds in French government bonds. Thus the decision to decolonise was not taken by the colonial powers, but by the international bankers headed by the Rothschilds. They realised that it would be far more beneficial to their balance sheet if they exploited "independent" Africa with international loans. Thus we may observe, by way of example, that the Democratic Republic of Congo and Nigeria currently divert 100% of their export earnings to interest payments. In other words the mineral exports of these countries are obtained for nothing.[24]

In terms of the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Act, a Constitutional Review Conference was scheduled to take place in 1960. A fact-finding commission consisting of 26 members (13 British and 13 Federal) was convened under Lord Monckton. After eight months of deliberations, the conclusion reached was that the Federation could only become independent, if black majority rule was introduced in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, while Southern Rhodesia would have to revise its constitution in the same direction.

On 26 July 1961 a referendum was held in Southern Rhodesia for a new constitution which was approved by a majority of 65% with 41,949 votes in favour and 21,846 votes against. The constitution provided for a slow advance to majority rule and was based on an A roll of white MPs (50) and a B roll of black MPs (15) who were subject to a qualified franchise based on property and income tax paid. Smith, displaying his true liberal beliefs for the first time in public, was the only member (out of 280 members) at the UFP congress held on 22 February 1961, who voted against it because he said that it was "racialist".[25]

In February 1962 Duncan Sandys, who had been appointed Commonwealth Secretary in July 1960, visited Salisbury and blurted out that "Britain had lost the will to govern in Africa".[26] It was thus clear that the British government had only one objective in mind viz. the dissolution of the Federation. As Sir William Vermont Harcourt (1827-1904) once remarked, "The Tory Party never took up a cause which it did not betray".[27]

On 29 March 1963 British Secretary of State R.A. Butler, better known as Rab Butler, announced that any territory could secede from the Federation. However, this did not apply to Barotseland, which was situated in the western half of Northern Rhodesia. The Litunga people of Barotseland had received the protection of Queen Victoria under a treaty dated 26 June 1890. Paramount Chief Sir Mwanuwina Lewanika pleaded[28] with the British government to be allowed to form a separate state, but his plea was ignored and the treaty between his forefathers and Queen Victoria was broken.[29] Perfidious Albion at her best!

The Federal Dissolution Conference was held on 28 June 1963 at the Victoria Falls Hotel. Southern Rhodesia extracted a promise of British aid to assist in the reduction of her heavy share of Federal debt, but which subsequently was not received. It was agreed that the Central African Power Corporation, Central African Airways and the railways would continue to be run jointly. One important concession which the Rhodesians were able to obtain was the reversion of the armed forces to Southern Rhodesian control. At that time the military manpower and resources of Southern Rhodesia were more powerful than the combined forces of the Organisation of African Unity. Unlike the two northern colonies, Southern Rhodesia was not granted her independence. On 1 January 1964 the Federation ceased to exist ten years after its formation.

Stephen Goodson, Western Cape, South Africa

End Notes

1 P. Joyce, *Anatomy of a Rebel*, Graham Publishing, Salisbury, 1974, 41.
2 Ibid., 46.
3 Ibid., 46.
4 D.L. Hoggan, *The Forced War: When Peaceful Revision Failed*, Institute for Historical Review, Costa Mesa, California, 1989, Chap. 16, 'The Terrified Germans of Poland', 388-390.
5 S.M. Goodson, *A History of Central Banking and the Enslavement of Mankind*, Black House Publishing Ltd, London, 2014, Chap. VI, 117-142.
6 I. Smith, *The Great Betrayal, The Memoirs of Ian Douglas Smith*, Blake Publishing Ltd, London, 1997, 187.
7 See Life in German Liberated Ukraine https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7i0gqxnzd0g
8 P. Joyce, *op. cit.*, 63.
9 There was a total of 30 seats, with the United Party holding 14 seats, the Liberal Party 11 seats and others 5 seats.
10 J.M. Greenfield, *The Testimony of a Rhodesian Federal*, Books of Rhodesia Publishing Co. (Pvt.) Ltd, Bulawayo, 1978, 96.
11 P. Joyce, *op.cit.*, 86.
12 http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ian_Smith
13 P. Joyce, *op. cit.*, 69.
14 *Ibid.*, 70. See also I. Benson, *The Moment of Truth*, Dolphin Press (Pty) Ltd, Pinetown, Natal, 1977, where the author cites in his preface the famous dictum of the Irish philosopher, Edmund Burke: "I know that many have been taught to think that moderation, in a case like this, is a sort of treason".
15 Nyasaland was added, as the territory had nowhere else to go. Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika possessed their own economic association known as British East Africa.
16 P. Joyce, *op.cit.*, 77.
17 Ibid., 75.
18 W.E. Arnold, *The Goldbergs of Leigh Ranch*, Books of Zimbabwe Publishing Co. (Pvt.) Ltd, Bulawayo, 1980, 102. In late 1973 when the author went to the Milton Building in Salisbury and asked Smith to autograph the sleeve of an LP of his Independence speeches, his request was refused.
19 As related to the author in 2013 by Ken Maurice a close friend of the Goldberg family. While the author worked for Rhodesian Acceptances Ltd in Jameson Avenue, Salisbury, he assisted in the management of Bennie Goldberg's investment portfolio. When the author received his appointment he was informed by the Investment Manager that "Rhodesia was the last bastion of gracious colonial living".
20 S.J Edwards, *Zambezi Odyssey*, Self-published, Cape Town, 1974, 100.
21 A report of the BBC dated 3 October 2014 revealed that the Kariba Dam "is in a dangerous state…engineers are now warning that without urgent repairs, the whole dam will collapse…[and that] the lives of 3.5 million people are at risk".
22 On that morning the author was standing outside the gates of Western Province Preparatory School, which is situated not far from the residence of the British High Commissioner, and saw Macmillan drive past in the back seat of a black limousine.
23 P. Joyce, *op. cit.*, 97.
24 S. Goodson, 'The Truth About Ivory Coast – Latest NWO Victim', 18 April 2011, http://www.rense.com/general93/truthabb.htm and M.R. Koutonin, '14 African Countries Forced by France to Pay Colonial Tax for the Benefits of Slavery and Colonisation', 28 January 2014, http://www.siliconafrica.com/france-colonial-tax/
25 http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ian_Smith
26 J.M. Greenfield, *op. cit.*, 251 Another factor, which may have prompted Great Britain's withdrawal from colonial responsibility, were overtures to join the European Economic Community.
27 *Ibid.*, 205.
28 At this time a new word *makerema* entered into their language. It is a corruption of Macmillan and means to talk endlessly, but to no purpose.
29 J.M. Greenfield, *op.cit.*, 208-211. See also R. Welensky, *Welensky's 4000 Days, The Life and Death of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland*, Collins, London, 1964, 360-361. It is noteworthy that Ian Smith, who was Chief Whip in the Federal parliament, is not mentioned once in Welensky's memoirs

Editor's note: Part II of this essay will appear in Issue 69 of H&D.

Blackpool BNP's Paedophile Killer

At the end of last year *H&D* warned British nationalists that a paedophile scandal was brewing which would cause serious embarrassment to the movement. We were unable to give fuller details at that time for legal reasons.

On 28th July this year, 60-year-old former BNP activist Robert Ewing was sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of Blackpool schoolgirl Paige Chivers: he will serve at least 33 years. Ewing had previously served a 12-month sentence for paedophile offences in 1995. Ewing's colleague in Blackpool BNP and EDL, Gareth Dewhurst was sentenced to eight years for helping dispose of the body and cover up this paedophile murder. Paige's body has never been found, but police and prosecutors were convinced she had been killed. Ewing and Dewhurst intimidated witnesses and tried to obstruct the investigation, so although Ewing was first arrested in 2008, he was not charged and brought to trial until this year.

A prosecution spokesman commented: "Neither of the defendants has ever shown any remorse and over the years since Paige went missing they have done everything they could to cover their tracks, to divert enquiries away from them and try to put the blame on other people."

One disgusting aspect of the crime is that both defendants took part in anti-paedophile demonstrations by Blackpool BNP, addressed by then party chairman Nick Griffin, who sought for years to make political and financial capital from another local paedophile murder apparently committed by local Asians.

This is by far the worst scandal of its kind to affect the BNP, though there was an earlier and less publicised case in 2008 when Blackburn BNP activists Andrew Wells and Ian Hindle were jailed for unlawful sexual activity with a 14 year old girl.

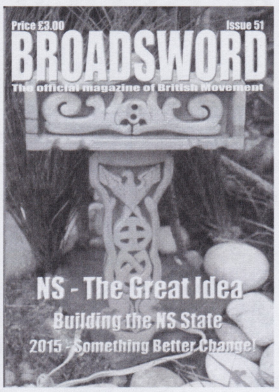
The BNP leadership can fairly argue that many political parties have violent criminals (including paedophiles) among their members and that they cannot be expected to monitor every single activist. Yet a catalogue of criminal activity – including large scale drug dealing and financial fraud – at the very top of the party was recently revealed by a former senior official and parish councillor.

Dawn Charlton – until recently the girlfriend of BNP national treasurer Clive Jefferson – told an anti-fascist website that she had often seen cocaine being taken at the party offices, and that Jefferson had bought a car with the proceeds of drug deals. She also claimed that the party leadership (effectively meaning Adam Walker, Clive Jefferson and the brains of the operation Patrick Harrington) were focused entirely on milking the few remaining supporters for legacies and donations. According to Ms Charlton there was no chance of the BNP's leadership election being conducted fairly.

This election was triggered by a challenge to BNP chairman Adam Walker from longstanding Derby activist and candidate Paul Hilliard. Sure enough Mr Walker was announced the winner by 523 votes to 145. (In the previous leadership election four years ago, Nick Griffin narrowly defeated Andrew Brons by 1,157 to 1,148. The drastic decline in membership is obvious, even if one assumes Mr Walker's vote to be entirely genuine.)

Unsurprisingly the dying BNP has entrenched its criminal leadership, confirming as party chairman a man who was banned from teaching after being convicted for threatening children with a knife. The party's finances remain in the hands of Clive Jefferson (once known as Clive Aitken) who has a convictions for theft aggravated by breach of trust, driving under the influence of illegal drugs, and was a defendant in a major drug dealing trial. Not an obvious qualification for a party treasurer! Perhaps the Blackpool paedophiles were in the right party all along.

Peter Rushton, Manchester, England



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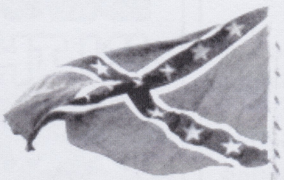

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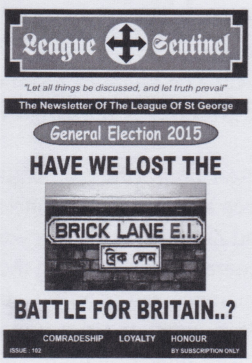

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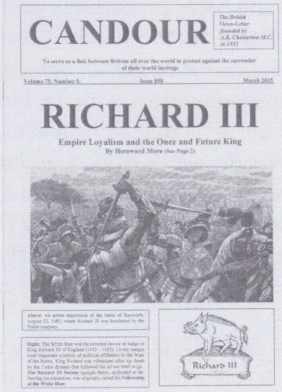

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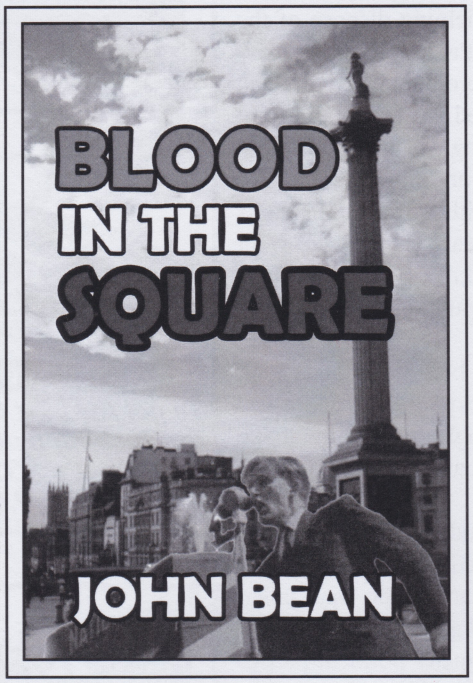
Book Review – *Blood in the Square* by John Bean

Blood in the Square, by John Bean. Published by Black House Publishing, 2012, ISBN 1-908476-42-5, 157 pages (Paperback). Available for £7 or $10 (plus shipping) from www.ostarapublications.com or www.amazon.co.uk

Sex, violence and political incorrectness – what more could you ask for in a novel, except perhaps for it to be written by the author of *Many Shades of Black*? Well as it happens this racy little work is all those things. It is the fourth book by one of British Nationalism's most respected leaders, a man who could be described as a specialist in preventing the rot and decay both of metals and of civilization's soul – John Bean.



His first book was the technical manual on metal preservation *Anti-Corrosion: Handbook & Directory*, something of a dull read it must be said, after which he wrote the far more interesting *Ten Miles from Anywhere* – a history of Suffolk rural life in the first half of the 20th Century and stocked by bookshops and tourist information centres throughout Suffolk, all happily unaware of the author's interesting pedigree.

The third book *Many Shades of Black* is perhaps a good candidate for best in the category of British Nationalist Autobiography, though Colin Jordan took issue with several aspects of it. John Bean is 88 this year and his fourth book *Blood in the Square* published this year is a novel 30 years in the making and probably rather like the Prince de Lampedusa's semi-autobiographical *The Leopard* has only finally been completed as the shadow of the grim reaper drawing ever nearer somewhat forces the pace.

John Bean's objective in writing this latest book (the title comes from a street fight in Trafalgar Square between a contingent of patriots and a much larger mixed gang of Marxists and Zionists) is to go beyond the already converted and reach out to the general public showing them in an ever so subtle way that 'Racial Nationalism', is the only Cause that makes any sense. After all, plenty of our enemies have written fiction, much of it very far-fetched and skewed indeed, with the aim of influencing the public against Nationalism. David Edgar's *Destiny* and John Mortimer's *Rumpole of the Bailey* story 'The Fascist Beast' are two that immediately spring to mind, so it's only fair that our side has a go at playing the same game. Abroad we have done much in this way already – in France there is Jean Raspail's increasingly influential and oddly prophetic *The Camp of the Saints* written in 1975, which is about invasion fleets of unarmed African and Asian immigrants landing their ships on the shores of a Europe rendered defenceless by Liberalism. In America fiction has long been established by our movement as a way of educating, radicalising and inspiring readers, with the bonus side-effect of getting young recruits into the habit of reading and using their imagination. Books such as *Hunter*, *Serpent's Walk*, *Candidate for the Order*, *Hold Back the Day*, Harold Covington's opus, and the now almost legendary *The Turner Diaries* have meant at the very least that rather than whingeing about current affairs among themselves, patriots at the very least now discuss books, ideas and ways and means among themselves.

Fiction also has the Enemy seriously worried, for it can deftly circumvent the usual thought-control laws. It is one thing to ban scientific investigations and political viewpoints they find unpalatable, but quite another to start banning fiction – particularly as they have been working so hard and so long to release all restrictions whatsoever on that genre, e.g. *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *American Psycho* and *Portnoy's Complaint*. The Enemy has succeeded so well at abolishing all such restrictions that now pornography, perversion, obscenity and general filth masquerading as fiction are not only easily available, but are in the best-seller lists and on school reading lists – *50 Shades of Grey* is apparently on a recommended reading list at a private school for girls in Kingston-upon-Thames. What would Mary Whitehouse make of it all? Answers on a postcard.

In this country however (excepting a couple of short stories by Colin Jordan) there has been a distinct dearth of such reading for Nationalists. Most mainstream work that portrays our Cause and Movement does so in such a negative light that one gets used to reading any portrayal of us with the expectation of Marxist interpretations and other gross distortions of reality. It is rather similar to watching modern films where one braces oneself for the inevitable unhappy ending. So it is that when picking up John Bean's first venture into the realms of fiction, I did so with a certain amount of foreboding. Groundless I may thankfully add, for the author hasn't tried that hard to ingratiate himself with the bland mainstream publishing houses that monopolise the market and who therefore decide for most people what they may or may not read in this supposedly free country. As he hasn't this book can at best hope to be an underground classic, at least for the foreseeable future.

The story revolves around Victor Blackwood who is the leader of 'Nationalist Action', which is a Nationalist political party rather in the style of the early National Front or the second incarnation of the BNP led by John Bean – the first being founded in 1942, and the third of course founded and led by John Tyndall and latterly led into the ground and floundered by Nicholas John Griffin. The secondary character, Alan Laudersby, is a slightly above average new recruit nervously dipping his toe into the Nationalist scene – the adrenalin rush he feels on attending his first meetings and demonstrations is something we can all enjoy reliving. But for me, personally, Sir Edric Frampton, the Chairman of Nationalist Action, steals the show, and this despite his only really appearing in one chapter. Sir Edric from his family seat, Beighton Hall, in deepest rural Suffolk, wisely provides an occasional guiding hand on the organisational tiller to the Party machine, but the fascination with this character must lie in the fact that he is loosely based on the equally fascinating, but far more radical, Commander Andrew Fountaine. Fountaine in his time had been a fighter on the right side in the Spanish Civil War (Franco's side) served as a gunnery officer on HMS *Indefatigable* – where he was injured by a Kami-kaze attack in 1945, and was the author of *The Meaning of an Enemy*, an essential text for any serious Nationalist, (originally serialised in the magazine *Combat*, and recently republished as a book by Ostara).

During an interlude from London, while journeying to visit Sir Edric in Suffolk, Victor Blackwood muses on the difference between the modern urban conglomerations and the rest of England.

Here in East Anglia many of the people still shared a common kinship of Angle, Saxon, Danish Viking and original Celt. So different from London, Birmingham or any other big city, which no longer had a common culture of a homogenous people, but several conflicting cultures, with all the resultant problems of friction.

The irony was that many young people born in these villages and country towns were now being drawn to the life of the big city. It is where 'everything happens'. Where you get 'switched on'. Although it might bring the reward of material things, it did not bring any true feeling of the purpose of life as God or Nature intended.

He found that he was beginning to agree with Sir Edric's viewpoint that 'although man can live with contentment in a market town or even in a natural city like Norwich, York or possibly Cambridge, he or she was not intended to live in such a large expanse of brick, concrete and tarmac as London is today. It is a place to work', he said, 'a place to visit for the arts, the shops, the sporting events. But it is not a place to 'live' in the full sense of the word'.

The novel, as all good novels do, appeals on several levels. It can be read as a straightforward action yarn or it can be read as a manual on how to organise politically.

It is full of useful tips for the Nationalist movement. E.g. for those giving a speech – 'like all good orators Victor was not afraid of repeating himself' and for those staging outdoor meetings – 'a few controllable hecklers actually help raise morale and boost the numbers of onlookers'. There are numerous other valuable pieces of advice for the student of political action and there's even some wise words on how to survive as a political prisoner in the British prison system.

John Bean's novel is based on his experiences of 1960s nationalist movements, including the famous "Keep Britain White" demonstration in Trafalgar Square.

However, the most useful bits of advice lie implicitly in the novel, namely (1) that of how to keep all the different classes, wings, types of Whites together when united only by their common Race – and bear in mind that we Whites are definitely the most individualistic and perhaps the most varied of all the world's races – and (2) how to solve what Mosley famously called the 'bathtub syndrome'.

The bathtub syndrome: new members flowing through the tap while others departed down the unplugged hole. Real advancement in numbers would only be achieved when it was found how to fix the plug.

Another (3) is really a subset of (2), namely the lack of females in our movement. The three problems are of course linked and if we can solve this conundrum we will not only have solved the problem of growth and sustainment, we will have probably also solved the threat of extinction that stares our Race in the face.

Alan Laudersby, the new recruit, disillusioned, finally leaves the movement. Several reasons can be put forward for this, namely: because he has issues with the more instinctive, more belligerent, less intelligent elements of the Party; because he has unrealistic expectations of human nature and what a poorly funded organisation can achieve in a capitalist society; because he fails to realise the nature of the society in which, and the tyranny under which, we toil, sweat and slave; and because he grossly underestimates the strength and cunning of the forces arrayed against the patriotic cause. Yet, when all is said and done, this really means that he, like so many, 'drops out' because he is basically and essentially naive, and politically and organisationally speaking unprepared and uneducated – and remember this novel is set in the 1960s when National Service at least gave our young men a sense of belonging, pride, self-discipline and a chance to build up their courage and stamina. Since then things have just got worse – and intentionally so. The national curriculum, the culture of Hollywood type films, pop music, mass media and television has deliberately dumbed down our population to such an extent that we have become a nation of selfish, soft, snobbish, cowardly, passive television watchers – mugwumps, sitting on the fence observing and doing nothing unless it is totally safe, totally respectable and pleasurable to do so. From the sidelines we tut-tut at little errors, complain over little mistakes and grumble at rough edges in a movement that is supported by average people out of their own average back pockets and quixotically so composed has to square up against all the might and deviousness of the International Money Power. And we conclude by saying we would get involved to save our Race from extinction if only this that or the other were different, if only the movement was more successful if only it was better funded, if only it had better people in it... Truly, our enemies have done their work well.

In effect then, a Nationalist political party today has to take people into its ranks and de-brainwash them, educate them, teach them the harsh truths about human nature, and then put some backbone into them even before it can use them in the political battle. It is just too much to do for an organisation that is focussed on fighting elections and in using what pitiful funding it gets to fight those elections.

One of the most encouraging developments in Nationalism over the last ten years has been the burgeoning of a pan-Nationalist, Identitarian, information providing, meta-political, philosophical, cultural movement parallel to the usual Nationalist parties. Parties come and go, but the movement continues. This movement provides websites and forum type meetings where sympathisers and activists of all hues can learn, socialise, radicalise, network, knock ideas around, develop ideological roots and in other words become primed for political action. Some will become allies to the nationalist political parties and others will become dedicated, ideologically sound top quality activists in and candidates for those same political parties, thus allowing the political parties to do what they do best – fighting elections.

Which brings us back to the bathtub syndrome and the role of women in society and in our movement. Females are after all more risk averse and more fashion conscious, therefore the problem of recruitment and retention is in their case exacerbated – the tap only dribbles and the plug is out and the bath has holes drilled in it. One Tory woman who objects to a Nationalist street demonstration is put firmly in her place by Victor Blackwood who aptly sums up what we are up against here. *Madam... people like you who consider the pursuit of respectability to be the main purpose of life would prevent all new political thought, all social change. Your mind is so closed that you would vote for a baboon, as long as its backside was Tory Blue.*

Our thinkers often pummel their brains as to how to get more women involved and keep them involved. John Bean neatly summed it up one sunny afternoon as we sat in the courtyard of an 18th century coaching inn and admired some young ladies chattering over lunch nearby;

If women can see that defending our culture does not require abuse of other races, whose numerical presence will destroy that culture, and that violence by us is only required when defending ourselves, then it will make it easier to attract more female followers.

This is definitely a good start and a necessary foundation. Females follow fashion, they follow success, so perhaps the answer then is to become fashionable, to become successful and then more females will join our ranks. The question therefore is how do we become more successful?

Perhaps the solution is to find a way of getting more families involved. If the movement was more family orientated then mothers, sisters, wives and girlfriends would be more enthusiastic about the political involvement of their menfolk. The annual identitarian conference in Madrid has a crèche and I think this is a step in the right direction. The future after all lies with the children. Without families

there will be no children, and therefore without families there will be no future.

Our enemies know that for our Cause to be effective it will have to become family friendly and a magnet for the entire spectrum of white society including females, in effect community friendly and that is why our enemies seek to portray us as misanthropic social outcasts, full of hatred towards everyone and everything. There is of course a place for hate, but it is not to be directed towards the hapless millions of other races who wash up on our shores seeking the easy life and riches, but towards those who brainwashed our own people in the first place – brainwashed them so that they don't put up any resistance to the massive immigration invasion. Our hatred should be directed against those who brought the immigrants here in the first place and who continue to encourage them to come and who strictly prevent any real discussion of all the important issues relating to race, culture and identity. Things have deteriorated rapidly and that includes our own mindset and what we ourselves consider to be 'acceptable'. In the greater sweep of time it is not so very long ago since Stanley Baldwin (Conservative Prime Minister of the 1920s and 1930s) spoke of the importance of Great Britain being a nursery to nurture our Race. Tellingly, he also said that the proprietors of the mass media are aiming at power, and power without responsibility – the prerogative of the harlot throughout history. The increasing power of and the ethnicity of the mass media tycoons and the rapid decline of our Race are inextricably linked.

What passes for acceptability and respectability today would puzzle our ancestors. After all large scale migration is not a natural phenomon – at least if unaccompanied by war. The free movement of goods, services and people is anything other than the natural state of affairs. The natural state of affairs is for people to defend their families, their communities, their nations, their traditions, their cultures, their religions and their Race. There is nothing offensive about self-defence. Remember, we are the good guys. And emphasizing all this comes down to having a positive, upbeat mental outlook. It is about loving our people, our Race and our culture and all that's best in the values and traditions of our race and culture. It is about fighting for them in a confident, assertive, optimistic manner and, very importantly, having fun while we do it. If we enjoy ourselves in a sort of Errol Flynn swashbuckling way we will fight all the better for it, our Cause will develop a magnetic attraction and our people will flock to our banner. If doing the right thing, and in fact the only thing worth doing *i.e.* fighting for your Race, does not satisfy you, does not bring you contentment, does not bring you a sense of fulfilment then I can only say that you are going about it in the wrong way. Either that, or your value system needs some serious sorting out.

What our Enemy fears is experience. The modern world, and those who have created it, are very keen on preventing the generations from mixing and hence the passing of experience from the older to the younger generations. The Enemy also works very hard at breaking up Nationalist organisations and so negating the build-up of a body of knowledge and wisdom that could prove dangerous. If Nationalist organisations can survive intact over the long term, and that's no mean feat, then they can really pose a threat to the powers that be – such we see in France from the Front National.

If Nationalist organisations cannot survive, then it is possible that the Nationalist Movement can provide a suitable substitute. In Britain we haven't been so successful in organisational terms, but we still have a Movement that has proved remarkably durable and which will eagerly benefit from this book. In any case reading John Bean's entertaining and highly readable *Blood in the Square* – which could be subtitled 'A Manual against spiritual, racial and cultural corrosion' – will give you plenty of food for thought, some useful tips, a few good ideas and, if you need it, help you to find the right way to fight the good fight. Happy 88th birthday John Bean!

Reviewed by Jez Turner, London, England

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Homosexual Militancy, Sexual Licence and the Undermining of Traditional Values

The deplorable decision by the National Union of Teachers under their General Secretary, Christine Blower, to demand that any incoming government should compel teachers to extol the virtues of homosexuality highlights the almost total victory of neo-Marxist "political correctness". In case there was ever any doubt about Miss Blower's Marxist credentials we can note, that before becoming NUT boss in 2009, she stood as a candidate for the extremist 'London "Socialist" Alliance' in 2000; obtaining a derisory 1.6% of the vote.

In tackling the highly sensitive issue of homosexuality one is immediately aware of the taboos put upon the subject by an oppressive and all pervasive "liberal" clique; taboos which discourage any clear thinking or frank discussion. Indeed, it's one of life's ironies that the more sexually liberated we've become in theory, the more constrained our thinking has become in practice. Whereas, in happier times homosexuality wasn't a problem for the vast majority of the population, nowadays, like propaganda for racial miscegenation, homosexuality has been constantly thrown in our faces and has obsessively penetrated into the heart of Western consciousness.

Californian lesbians Pauline Morena and Debra Lobel treated their younger (adopted) son with hormones to prepare him for a later sex change. They are shown here at their elder son's bar mitzvah.

Even though homosexuality isn't an obvious problem for the average family, our prurient mass-media ensures that no man, woman or child is ever left innocent of the subject. It is now *de rigueur* for every television "soap" to have a homosexual intrigue running through part of its story line. And of course the theme is eagerly taken up by a scurrilous press, a press which having abandoned all pretence at serious or objective reporting takes refuge in the banalities of TV scriptwriters. Even the supposedly more cerebral newspapers are not immune. In fact *The Guardian* and *The Independent* have become virtual house journals for the homosexual lobby.

In their desperate attempt to normalise the abnormal, our militant neo-Marxists of the intolerant "liberal" press are past masters at selective reporting. Any academic study which dismisses our fundamental identity as heterosexual beings is presented to the readership as holy writ, alternatively, any academic study which claims that our sexuality is socially constructed rather than a natural biological disposition will be lauded, and by contrast any studies to the contrary, which doubt the general efficacy of sexual licence (assuming such studies are able to receive university funding in the first place) are either belittled or ignored.

However, the onslaught against natural order isn't confined to the championing of homosexual men. As the reader will be well aware, a whole new industry has gathered pace since the 1960s with the express intention of attacking the soft underbelly of our culture by undermining the assumptions upon which each healthy individual and every healthy society has always dwelt. Having failed to recruit revolutionaries from among our working class, our neo-Marxist enemy has invented the L.G.B.T. phenomena with a whole army of homosexual, 'Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender' militants eager to promote their 'cause'.

Writing in the 'I', sister paper to *The Independent*, an L.G.B.T. apologist Emily Dugan, explained how according to a new Cambridge University study, conservative parenting assumptions have been challenged. She says the study found that children brought up by two mothers, two fathers or single parents fare no worse than those from traditional families. Not surprisingly, the Cambridge study was compiled by a feminist academic, Professor Susan Golembok. With breathtaking chutzpah she wrote … "Whether children have one parent or two, whether their parents are male or female, whether their parents are of the same sex or the opposite sex, and whether they have been conceived naturally or through assisted reproduction, seems to matter less to children than the quality of family relations, the support of their community and the prevailing attitudes of the society in which they live."

The preponderance of Jewish feminists, especially in American academia, is pronounced. The first female American rabbi to be ordained made her name through a lesbian interpretation of the *Book of Ruth*. She is Rebecca Alpert who despite bearing two children divorced her husband before entering into a lesbian partnership in 1986.

The pernicious influence and religious sanctification of lesbianism reached nightmare proportions however in October 2013 with a report in *The New Observer*. It was revealed that a "married" lesbian couple, Pauline Morena and Debra Lobel, a "marriage" sanctified by a local rabbi in Berkeley, California, had adopted an eleven year old gentile boy and brainwashed him into accepting the idea of hormone therapy in order facilitate a sex change operation later in his life. To quote from *The New Observer*… "The "mommies" actually claim it was young Thomas's idea to become a girl…If they can be believed, Thomas allegedly of his own initiative favoured headbands to baseball hats and picked out bras and dresses to start wearing when given a choice of clothing. Thomas is set to start hormone blocking treatment to stop him going through puberty as a boy, and has now been renamed Tammy".

By gnawing away at the most sensitive spot possible, our personal sexual experience, the political enemies of Western culture and civilization have succeeded in immobilising our spirit in much the same way as a jujitsu practitioner would paralyse an opponent by pressing his finger on a pressure nerve. The Victorians had the good sense to treat sexual matters with a certain amount of reserve. However, Sigmund Freud, made famous by his grandson's advertising of "Pal" dog meat on commercial television, changed all this in the early half of the twentieth century. Sigmund Freud, who could be classed as a pioneer of deconstructivism, asserted that all art, music, literature and human love could be explained away as no more than a sublimated form of sexuality. In other words, the mystery and magic of existence was reduced to that of a bodily function!

Naturally, Freud and his fellow deconstructivists wouldn't have been able to get a toe hold in their attempt to destroy Western norms if sexual matters were simple. Despite a significant down-side, which we have no need to dwell upon here, many homosexuals as individuals can be both charming and gifted, so one is often tempted to regard them more with compassion than disdain.

The American, Alfred Kinsey, perhaps the most renowned psychologist after Freud to analyse sexual behaviour, came up with a scale in 1948 which categorized individuals from one to six (known as the Kinsey scale) according to how inclined they were towards homosexual behaviour. As Kinsey put it … "Males do not represent two discrete populations, heterosexuals and homosexuals. The world is not to be divided into sheep and goats…The living world is a continuum in each and every one of its aspects". Despite Kinsey's ostensible good intentions, here we can detect a strong subversive tendency undermining nature's intended sexual role model. Having said that, it would be disingenuous for us to ignore the fact that we harbour elements of the opposite sex within ourselves.

For example, a man has nipples which can still form part of his erogenous zone. Likewise, although body hair is more predominant in a man it can still be regarded as a sexually attractive feature in a woman; this is despite unnatural fashions generated from America! Indeed it has been claimed by many psychologists that in addition to the obvious joy found in sexual differences it's the twenty percent male in women and the twenty percent female in men which helps the two sexes to communicate more thoroughly. Furthermore, it is said that it's precisely where the ratio varies that sexual problems begin to occur.

In their doomed quest for normalcy homosexual proselytizers are always keen to claim distinguished historical figures for their own. Great Renaissance artists such as Michelangelo and Leonardo have often been targeted on the flimsiest of evidence. However, with his lush paintings of pouting youths it's probably true to say Caravaggio was a homosexual. Two distinguished and highly popular twentieth century musical playwrights were the quintessential Englishman, Noel Coward, and the Welshman, Ivor Novello. Yet in an age of "don't ask, don't tell" they were able to sublimate their homosexuality into tender, often sentimental, yet passionate heterosexual romance. When Noel Coward wrote:

"I'll follow my secret heart
My whole life through
I'll keep all my dreams apart
Till one comes true
No matter what price is paid
What stars may fade above
I'll follow my secret heart
Till I find love".

He was expressing the inner torment of a lonely homosexual. Yet for all the world this talented man had transcribed his feelings into a heterosexual theme. This of course is as it should be. When asked about his private life he refused to divulge, saying no more than, "There are still a few old ladies in Worthing who don't know." The extent to which homosexuality is genetically determined and the extent to which it is acquired through social conditioning, the perennial nature/nurture question, will always be subject to endless debate. The reality is that both nature and nurture play their part, with the weaker souls more vulnerable to deleterious, outside influences. An example of this is illustrated by the increased percentage of younger, self-proclaimed, homosexuals found in the population at large, compared to the percentage of homosexuals amongst the older generations, as attitudes have become increasingly "liberalised" through the maladroit influence of the mass-media.

According to a 2012 survey of 180,000 British adults 1.8% men admitted to being homosexual or bi-sexual and 1.2% of women admitted to being lesbian or bi-sexual. However, if we look at the different age groups 2.6% of those under 24 admitted to being homosexual, bi-sexual or lesbian, whilst only 1% of those over 50 admitted the same.

It can also be seen that there are strong regional variations. The breakdown into geographical regions makes fascinating reading with East Anglia having the lowest numbers of homosexuals at 1% of the whole, and London the highest with 2.5%. Just out of interest we can compare London's comparatively modest percentage with that of the notorious homosexual 'Mecca', San Francisco, which boasts 15.4%. Rio de Janeiro comes a close second, by the way, with 14.3% and it is no coincidence of course that San Francisco has a proportion of Aids carriers which is proportionately six times greater than that of Britain as a whole!

Thought to have originated from the human consumption of chimpanzee meat, what started as a mystery virus was first detected in the Congo in 1959, but it wasn't until the late 1970s and early 80s that serious concern occurred, following reports of rare types of pneumonia, cancer and other illnesses affecting homosexuals in Los Angeles and New York. As the effect of the illness was to break down the immune system, health officials begun to describe it as an "acquired immunodeficiency syndrome", or "Aids". In those days, before neo-Marxist "political correctness" had gained quite such a stranglehold on public discourse, the Chief Constable of Manchester, James Anderton, was able to describe Aids victims as … "Swirling about in a human cesspit of their own making."

Since then we've seen a concerted effort by our government and health authorities to avoid any moral censure at all, despite Aids' unfortunate association with some of the more squalid forms of human existence.

To some extent the avoidance of moral censure is understandable. While a slow terrifying death might be acceptable in Iran, Somalia or Saudi Arabia, where homosexual acts frequently incur the death penalty, amongst British people only the most fanatical "fire and brimstone" zealot could ever wish to see such a cruel fate inflicted on any fellow mortal. By avoiding moral censure it was assumed that homosexuals or drug addicts would not feel daunted when seeking medical assistance and so by coming forward help prevent the spread of Aids.

Unforeseen by the general public, a consequence of such moral neutrality has been an unprecedented breakdown of all sensitive constraints on sexual morality or normal behaviour. Our society is in a dire state of moral confusion. Conflicting messages abound; on the one hand there is what sometimes amounts to a witch hunt against suspected paedophiles, on the other hand five-year-old children are encouraged by the fashion industry to dress up as tarts and teenage girls routinely asked to pull a condom over a manikin's penis as part of their sex education lesson in school.

One of the wonders of the modern World has been the orchestrated legislation of what is euphemistically called "same sex marriage". What surer way to devalue true marriage and healthy family life than to reduce it to such an absurdity? How could any normal heterosexual couple ever again feel any sense of fulfilment in marriage once they know that the institution has been so defiled?

Those who doubt any alleged conspiracy to destroy civilisation might just ponder at the speed and thoroughness with which homosexual "marriage" has been instituted across the globe. It would stretch human credibility too far to claim that legislation for homosexual marriage was enacted in countries as diverse as Iceland (2010), Argentina (2010), Denmark (2012), France (2013), New Zealand (2013), and of course our own United Kingdom (2014) as a result of popular grass-roots demand! The list goes on. Naturally, our po-faced hypocrite of a Prime Minister added his comedy piece by announcing that he didn't support "Gay" marriage despite being a Conservative but because he was a Conservative. In fact what ever else we may call David Cameron, his duplicity and willingness to insult the public intelligence ensures him his place as a true "heir to Blair".

One of the most insidious aspects of the homosexual controversy is the way it has been framed, by the enemies of normalcy and natural order, as a duel between enlightened secular liberals and religious obscurantists. The implication being that amongst our own folk only Christians might have a legitimate objection to homosexuality: Christians, emasculated by their own liberalism have thus become an Aunt Sally to be attacked with impunity.

Taken with a degree of circumspection, an altogether more scientifically principled objection to the promotion of homosexuality as normal can be found in the writing of British psychologist, Raymond Cattell, who takes a somewhat extreme view when attacking the aridity of rationalism for divorcing sexual activity from procreation. In his seminal book, *Beyondism – A New Morality from Science* he quotes Aristotle as saying, "Nature never makes anything superfluous"… and goes on, "Any separation of satisfaction from functionality is sheer suicide".

Cattell makes the interesting point, which would implicate the dysgenic effects of pornography, as well as all forms of non-procreative sexual abnormality, when he tells us that biologists have started to use a chemical sex stimulant which creates a false sense of sexual satisfaction as an ingenious way of wiping out insect pests. Perhaps we should take warning!

Michael Woodbridge, Corwen, Wales

Editor's note: This article first appeared on the ***Western Spring*** *website –* ***www.westernspring.com*** *– to whom we give full acknowledgements.*

British Patriots Remember Forgotten Heroes

Trafalgar Square, August 2015

Scarcely a day goes by without some media commemoration of recent British military history, by which Britons are asked to remember the carnage of the First World War trenches, the nightmare of Japanese POW camps, or more recent heroism of the wounded left on Afghanistan's plains.

One military campaign is excluded from this roll of honour, erased from the history books. This was Britain's first "war on terror" in the Middle East from 1945 to 1948, where our terrorist enemies were the three paramilitary arms of Zionist Jewry – Haganah, Irgun and the Stern Gang.

The brunt of this offensive was borne in Palestine by British conscripts, many too young to have served in the Second World War that had just ended, others veterans of that European conflict where they had fought to protect the very Jews whose bullets and bombs were now aimed at them. Palestine had been ruled by British Mandate authorities since the defeat of the Ottoman Empire in the First World War some thirty years earlier.

But during the last two years before the creation of the state of Israel in 1948, Zionism's terrorist godfathers had extended their war to the streets of London. In April 1947 a huge bomb was left inside the Colonial Office in Whitehall. It failed due to a faulty timer: had it exploded the bomb would have caused devastation in central London on a similar scale to the Irgun's bombing of the King David Hotel in 1946, where almost a hundred were killed and many more injured.

In March 1947 another member of the same Stern Gang unit succeeded in bombing a central London target. His commander proudly boasted of striking at the heart of the British Empire and even recent Jewish authors have described the target as "a gentlemen's club ...frequented by the staff of the Colonial Office." It was nothing of the kind. The British Colonies Club, located at the corner of Trafalgar Square adjacent to the Church of St Martin in the Fields, was a welfare facility for colonial servicemen, many of them non-white. It was here that a young French Jew packed the shoulders of his overcoat with gelignite before making his escape: the resulting explosion wrecked the club, blew out the church windows and left several injuries.

On Saturday 1st August a group of British nationalists including H&D's assistant editor Peter Rushton, film maker Lady Michèle Renouf, and London Forum organiser Jez Turner laid a wreath at the Trafalgar Square site. A large crowed of tourists and passers-by watched in respectful silence, as some forty British Nationalists and patriots participated in the moving ceremony organised by a committee including former NF national organiser Martin Webster and former BNP national organiser Richard Edmonds, now back with the NF. Afterwards they were among the speakers at a well-attended meeting in a Kensington hotel. There follows the text of Richard Edmonds speech at this event. For further speeches and footage from the day, see the H&D website at www.heritageanddestiny.com

***H&D*'s Peter Rushton at the wreath-laying ceremony in Trafalgar Square, site of a Stern Gang bombing in March 1947.**

We are here to remember the British victims of Zionist terrorism, the bloody and vicious series of murders and bomb-outrages perpetrated by Jewish terrorists at the end of the Second World War, both here in the U.K. and in the Middle East. Even whilst the Second World War was still raging, Jewish terrorists set about and murdered the top political representative of the British government stationed in the Middle East. This was the murder of Lord Moyne in Cairo, Egypt in November 1944. The assassination of this top British official was the first act of the terrorism organised by the Zionists in their campaign to establish the Jewish State of Israel. Four more years of carnage inflicted on British troops, British officials and those in their care and protection would follow.

With the assassination of Lord Moyne, the Zionists had not waited for the Second World War to end, before launching their bloody insurrection. Whatever one may think of the Second World War, and whatever one might think of the allegation that the Germans were murdering millions of Jews during the course of that war, two facts are beyond any dispute. Firstly, that the British waged war at enormous cost against the Germans for six long and weary years; and secondly, that there was no love lost between the Jews and Adolf Hitler's Germany. And yet before the War was over, what one can only call the infamous stab-in-the-back was perpetrated by Jewish terrorists.

The establishment of the State of Israel in 1948 and the two world wars are intimately interconnected. British troops were in possession of Palestine during the Second World War, because the British Army had driven the Turks out of Palestine and indeed out of the whole of the Arab Middle East during the First World War. One of the motives of the British government for this take-over of the Middle East during the First World War, was to fulfil the obligations that they had undertaken with Lord Rothschild in 1916. In that fateful year of 1916, the British and the Germans were deadlocked on the Western Front and in every other theatre of that war. Lord Rothschild, who was regarded as the head of the Jewish people, had indicated to the British government that if they were to drive the Turks out of the Holy Land and to establish a "national home-land for the Jews" in Palestine, then he, Lord Rothschild, would use his influence to bring the U.S.A., with all its wealth and industrial power, plus a million US soldiers onto the side of the Allies. (The U.S.A. was still neutral at this stage of the War). By this means, Britain and France would gain the victory over the Germans that they could not achieve with their own means. The deal with Rothschild was signed and sealed and is known as the Balfour Declaration of 1917. Arthur Balfour was a Tory (Conservative party) politician and Britain's Foreign Secretary at the time. The Balfour Declaration formally established a Jewish home-land in Palestine.

As soon as the First World War was over, in the 1920s and the 1930s, Jewish immigrants poured into Palestine, and the British authorities had the Devil's own job to control the situation. The native, local Arabs, the Palestinians objected vigorously and vocally to what they could see as the Jewish take-over of their land. The British authorities, for their part, repeatedly assured the Arabs that there was only going to be a limited number of Jewish immigrants, and they promised that Palestine would always remain an Arab land. As an aside, one recognises the rhetoric: exactly the same rhetoric has been employed by the politicians at Westminster to facilitate the mass-immigration that we in Britain have been subjected to this last fifty years.

The British authorities, post Second World War, lost control of the situation. The Zionist terror campaign, initiated with the assassination of Lord Moyne in Cairo in 1944, succeeded after four more years of bloody insurrection, in driving the British out of Palestine and in achieving the Zionists' political goal, the founding of the Jewish State of Israel.

The State of Israel was spawned, given birth to, in the blood of British soldiers and officials. All things considered, one concludes that Britain owes Israel nothing, and that consequently in the on-going wars in the Middle East and in the future wars between Israel and the Arab-Muslim world, Great Britain should be strictly neutral.

Richard Edmonds, Croydon, Surrey

Book Review: *Field of Shadows – the remarkable true story of the English Cricket Tour of Nazi Germany 1937* by Dan Waddell

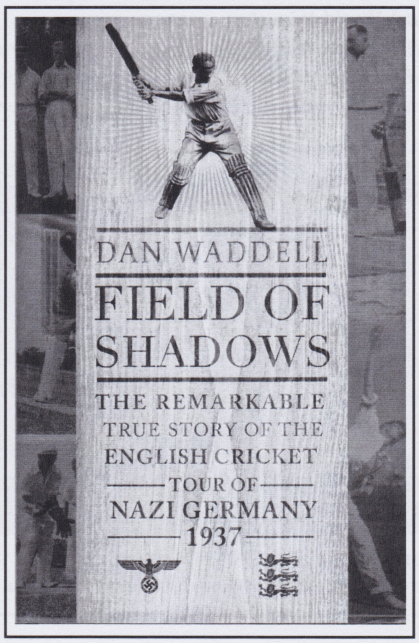
Published by Bantam Press, 2014, ISBN 9780593072615, hardback, 259pp. Available from Transword Publishers, 61-63 Uxbridge Road, London W5 5SA or online from www.amazon.co.uk for £16.99 (UK).

This publication was an unusual find as not everyone is aware that there was any German cricket history. It isn't huge, just the contrary, but it was there. Dan Waddell's book starts in Berlin in July 1945, one of the many German cities levelled by saturation bombing with the bodies of soldiers, civilians and horses still rotting where they had fallen.

A group of British soldiers standing at a West Berlin checkpoint watched a group of gaunt and underfed middle aged men come out of the rubble and walk towards them. One of the men nodded a greeting and smiled to the British officer who said "Can we help?" The reply left him open mouthed when one replied in nearly perfect English "Yes, could we play a game of cricket against you?"

The author, Dan Waddell, makes no bones he is of the left in politics and sympathized with the works of Orwell during his days on the far left and comes out in this work with terms such as "Nazi jackboot," "Hitler and his cronies" and so on that sadly detracts from his research.

Nevertheless, *Field of Shadows* is an interesting read from what we can glean from it. It is a surprise to find that the first guide on what some consider the greatest game was published in the Bavarian village of Schnepfental in 1796 with the wordy title of *Games and Exercises for the Relaxation of the Body and the mind of Young People, Their Instructors and All Friends of the Innocent Joys of Youth.*



Another previously unpublicised story refers to Hitler's time in a military hospital suffering from a gas attack during the Great War of 1914-1918 when some British officers were based in the same place as 'prisoners on parole.' Hitler spoke to them and asked whether he might watch an eleven of cricket at play so as to become initiated into its mysteries. They welcomed him and wrote down the rules in "the best British sport-loving spirit." Hitler then disappeared for few days to return and announce he had trained a team of Germans and wanted to play the English at the first opportunity!

We are told that Rudolf Kircher, a German journalist based in London wrote *Fair Play: The Games of Merrie England* for an eager audience back home. In it he says "If you ask an Englishman what the typical national sport is, his answer would not be football! The answer would be Cricket… it is a specific, English ideology, a key to the English soul, a product of the English spirit. The sport wasn't invented or organised by a sports academic. Cricket grew in an organic popular way like a folk dance or folk song is created – as a conversation between people living in a village."

The German who spoke to the British officer at the Berlin checkpoint was Felix Menzel, someone now forgotten but should have been awarded a blue heritage plaque outside his old home for his service to cricket. He was born about 1890 and made his cricketing debut for Preussen in 1908 against the touring Leicester CC in 1911.

The Gentlemen of Worcestershire cricket XI, who toured the Third Reich in 1937 included a number of former Worcestershire County Cricket Club players

After WW1 Menzel became one of the most respected cricketers in Berlin and in 1930 was selected for the United Berlin team that was the first German team to tour England. The next morning after their arrival in England they travelled to The Oval to watch Surrey play Nottinghamshire. They paid their own admission charges but unfortunately were victims of England's proverbial rain. Their English guide George Henderson tried to gain them access to empty seats in the roofed main stand to avoid a soaking but they were refused.

When this unpleasant behaviour reached the press some said they were turned away because of their nationality. The general tone of the newspaper stories were… "Whatever a man might think of the Germans this was cricket, by God, and in cricket a custom was

there to be honoured, not broken. Such a gesture at the Mecca of English cricket and the shrine to the great Jack Hobbs (who the team met) is an affront to English hospitality and English cricket."

By the early 20th century the game got a foothold in Berlin, where English students and ex-pats were fond of playing at Templehof Park that was once owned by the Knights Templar (hence its name) which later became the site of the city's first airport in 1923.

Another gem was Waddell's comment on the Berlin Olympics of 1936, the year before the tour took place. He mentions that Jesse Owens, the great Black athlete who had won four gold medals, "did not return to the USA to lecture about the evils of Nazism" but campaigned for the Republican candidate Alf Landon against Franklin D. Roosevelt and had during the election referred to Hitler as a "man of dignity." That stands out as a glimmer of truth among a mountain of nonsense on the Owen affair. In Leni Riefenstahl's "Olympia" it can be seen that groups of Hitler Youth were placed in locations around various events and chanted in different languages "We want you to win" and showed the German admiration for those who tried their best, no matter what their race or nationality. Of course they wanted the Germans to win, but that's what every national team participating wanted to do. That's sport!

In August 1937, the Gentlemen of Worcestershire touring team (they went abroad every year) played three matches in Berlin. We are told they were a group of ex-county cricketers, minor nobility, businessmen and public schoolboys. It makes the game sound as though it was rich man's sport but that is far from it. When I was a young lad every colliery village had by the early 1900s its cricket pitch as well as its football field. Where I lived as a young lad at Wardley Colliery we also had a bowling and tennis club in the welfare grounds.

The captain of the team was Major Maurice Jewell, son of a British Vice Consul who was born in Chile. He recruited some of the men who had played with him in the county side and made them one of the strongest amateur sides in the country.

At Ostend Station they boarded the luxury Nord-Express and, unlike their fellow train passengers were not disturbed by the Customs when the train stopped between Belgium and Germany. The entire team in their sleeping carriages had been granted a "laisser-passer" by the German Embassy in London which allowed them to pass freely into and out of Germany. In Berlin the team based themselves at the sumptuous Adlon Hotel for eight days.

As expected, the German team lost all three games but they appeared happy with their performance against a more experienced side and were gracious hosts. In *The Cricket Annual of 1937* it was written "The Reich Sports leader honoured the Gentlemen of Worcestershire by his presence at two of the matches, entertaining them to tea and attending the final banquet. On several occasions official government cars were placed at the disposal of the side and they were taken to many functions and sight-seeing expeditions on 'off' days. Altogether it was a most enjoyable and memorable tour and it is greatly hoped that other English sides will visit Berlin. Should the Germans ever send a side to England they can be quite certain that they will be most welcome guests, especially to the Gentlemen of Worcestershire."

This book is full of background information on the team players. Dan Waddell should be complimented on his determination to put this publication together. If you take out his personal naff comments about the National Socialists (that appears standard if you want the book printed and sold) it is worth the buy, or then again you may want to wait for second hand copies to appear on *Amazon* Books.

Reviewed by Gordon Stridiron, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear

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Letters From Readers

Sir – You are, of course, quite right that the nationalist movement, in general, must come up with answers/ solutions. The problem is much more serious and complex than it appears to be.

There is, of course the party political problem – that nationalists are in different parties. However, there is the much more serious (and unstated problem) that most nationalists are in no party at all. It is necessary to communicate the need for nationalist unity to the 95% of nationalists who are in no party at all.

It might, of course, be that we should (also or instead) be directing our attention to those who have not previously been involved in the nationalist movement.

Most important of all is that we need to understand the nature of the problems that nationalist parties have experienced and find ways of avoiding their repetition. There have been constitutional problems –constitutions that allow factional disputes to be 'resolved' by expelling rivals and internal opponents. That must be rendered constitutionally impossible.

However, we must also solve the problem of our political culture: it is that of pre-school children, rather than responsible adults. We must not expect to like or appreciate all our colleague's but we must learn to work with them.

Of course, the problems are not all party political. Some are problems of the image of the nationalist movement, as a whole. Others are problems of the dominant state ideology – the myth of nurture rather than the truth of nature. They need to be solved separately but concurrently, with the party political problem.

I have tried to engage selected individuals in a dialogue about all these matters, but I have met with a staggering silence.

Yours sincerely

Andrew Brons, Harrogate, Yorkshire

Sir – Given the dire results for nationalists in the recent General election – analysed by Peter Rushton (*H&D* 67) – especially the failure of the BNP to capitalise on the Rotherham scandal, has the time come, given that time is running out, to try a different tactic?

A common theme of late has been the necessity of toleration and unity within the movement as if these were novel ideas worth trying. On a more concrete level is the approach of Western Spring and White Independent Nation who both eschew mainstream politics in favour of forming White enclaves in the North East.

Unfortunately the precedent for such separatist movements has not been encouraging as they are prone to the fracture they seek to avoid.

Nevertheless, given the dearth of alternatives, it would be interesting to read a progress report on their projects.

Best Regards,

Christopher Nason, East Dulwich, London

Sir – I find it so frustrating that there are so many nationalists, yet nationalism is so ineffectual because of its fractured nature.

I find it so frustrating that so many intelligent people become like societal sheep when we mention unity, their first reaction being to close ranks around their own groups and organisations to protect them from being absorbed into one umbrella organisation, as if this will take away their individual and group identities, but without unity, nationalism will continue to stagnate, and we can't afford not to have our input into the political life of these islands.

With this point in mind, I set to thinking about ways in which we could indulge in unity without the cheek-clenching that usually associates itself with it, and I believe I have come up with a workable answer.

As a first step toward towards reaching mutual agreement on the future direction of nationalism, I think we should commit to producing a nationalist manifesto upon which we all agree and have our input.

Being able to present to the electorate a fixed set of policies which have been debated and agreed on by as many ethno-nationalist groups and individuals as possible, is an important step in getting our thoughts to the people. Not only that, but it's important to our own people too. Singing from the same hymn sheet is going to be vital if we are to make any kind of forward strides toward success, and at least this way it doesn't threaten the existence of the separate organisations involved in the movement.

There are other benefits too. Having every nationalist from the south coast of England to the north coast of Scotland recite and explain the policy beliefs of the nationalist movement, will spread our beliefs to a far wider audience than they currently meet, and it also means we can share all non-party/individual literature across the whole country, and that means cheaper printing bills.

I also think that if we can come to an agreement on this, then we should look at a national posting of a postcard/A5 flyer, bulleting the most important of the policies.

If Scotland breaks the union when we elect to come out of the EU, England will need to be ready to push for an English parliament, and nationalism needs to be ready to push its cause forward to try and win as much control as it can in the formation of such a body, so don't get thinking we have unlimited time in which to prepare, it could be a matter of months before this is upon us.

I can't think of another starting point for unity that might work, but if you have ideas or comments, feel free to contact me, and let's see if we can't get something positive started.

Yours sincerely,

Craig Pond, Stoke-On-Trent, England

Sir – As far as I can see Nationalists are already united. United in seeing everything that is wrong with Britain. Why the hell do they waste time, effort and money trying to become part of an establishment which will never allow them to become part of it? They largely shout with a united voice. Forget Parliament, forget democracy, shout loud enough to awake our almost brain-dead compatriots. Forget the ballot box. The establishment must love to see nationalists waste their energy on rigged elections. Anyway that's my opinion and I'm sticking to it.

Cheers,

Mr A. Damon, Kingston, Surrey

Sir – It seems to me it's we British who are no longer welcome in our own country. What will happen if Scotland becomes independent under an SNP government? The English will have England, the Welsh Wales, the Cornish Cornwall. The folk from Ulster will have that province as their country; but we British will have no country. There will no longer be a Great Britain, so we will be stateless persons. Should we seek political asylum? Perhaps Robert Mugabe would let us live in Zimbabwe? Or could we go to France?

It all has the makings of a great tragedy. My father served in the armed forces of the British Crown all during World War I on Flanders Fields. He had six sons who served in Great Britain's Royal Navy, RAF

and Army: three of them died as a consequence of military service, and one (myself) was given a medical discharge and a pension.

Now the SNP and their alien support look like taking away our country: surely our fellow Britons will protest about it?

Best Regards,

Harry Mullin, Glasgow, Scotland

Sir – Big names in history teaching are not positioned to inspire confidence that they can lead, as long as someone such as the American James Loewen only answers England's Labour-voting problem like this: "Perhaps an upper-class conspiracy is to blame. Perhaps we are all dupes, manipulated by elite white male capitalists who orchestrate how history is written as part of their scheme to perpetuate their own power and privilege at the expense of the rest of us. Certainly high school history textbooks are so similar that they look as if they might all have been produced by the same executive committee."

The Lord Jesus might help an escape from any menace, but to help a whole place "freedom" is getting a bad name: for more and more good reasons, each year that the cost of people's freedom is making other people suffer the wrong kind of minds in charge.

Yours sincerely,

Jamie Begg. B.A. Worthing, Sussex

Sir – We are running out of the resources that are necessary to maintain a technological civilization. All silver in the ground will be gone in 29 years, tin in 40 years, oil in 41 years, copper in 61 years, etc., and the White race in ? years. This is the result of unbounded population growth (except negative population growth for the White race) and the requirement for metals and minerals needed to support a sophisticated economy and its appurtenances. All races but the White race continue explosive population growth while the White race slowly shrinks out of a mistaken sense of guilt and pessimism about the future.

It is time for the other races to exercise responsibility towards the Earth and the overall human condition, and utilize the various forms of birth control available in their native countries and amongst their populations in the West, where they constitute a growing percentage of the population in every Western country except Iceland. It is time for the UN and the individual countries to take seriously the disasters brought upon us by excessive breeding, and undertake serious campaigns to promote the cause of population reduction. Present meek efforts are of no avail.

The White race has to be excluded from these population control efforts to give it a chance to survive. The other races owe us much for the improvements in their living standards, and the scientific, medical, and technological innovations and improvements we have brought to them and the world. It's past time for these other races to show some sense and responsibility towards our collective future while acknowledging all the while the benefits the White race has given to civilization. Such a direct acknowledgement will help restore the positive attitudes the white race needs to turn around its current decline.

Part and parcel of this overall effort should be a strong effort to stop the migration of third-worlders into the still nominally White nations, which will give the white race a chance to be itself and the confidence it needs to once again begin to increasing family size above the replacement levels.

Yours sincerely,

Sidney Secular, Silver Spring, Maryland

Sir – Dr Kerry Bolton's reference to Oliver Cromwell (*H&D*, issue 67, page 9) reminds me that the Lord Protector has acquired in some circles a reputation for allowing Jews back into England after their formal expulsion by Edward I in 1290.

Of course, not all the Jews left England at the end of the 13th century, just as not all Jews left Spain after their "expulsion" in 1492. Yet as Douglas Reed wrote in *The Controversy of Zion*, "... nevertheless, the popular mind insists on remembering him [Cromwell] as the man who readmitted the Jews!"

To put both the Cromwellian Commonwealth and its Jewish policy into context, it helps to bear in mind the relevant dates.

Cromwell assumed power in 1653. According to Antonia Fraser's biography, there was a secret synagogue in London at that time, and Cromwell did nothing to close it down – but he also rejected requests from both Puritans and Jews to revoke the formal ban on Jewish immigration. Essentially, then, his policy was to uphold the status quo on this issue. Cromwell died in 1658.

The ban on Jewish immigration was lifted in August 1664, in the fourth year of the reign of Charles II.

In the very next year, 1665, the bubonic plague, which had been virulent in Holland among the Jewish community in particular, reached London and struck down about 100,000 British people. It didn't subside until the Great Fire of London in 1666, which is accredited with killing most of the lice that spread the disease.

William of Orange, who acquired the throne in 1689 after the "Glorious Revolution", did so with the help of a loan of two million gulden from the Dutch Jewish Lopez Suasso family. He encouraged other Jewish financiers to move to London, including the Machado and the Pereire families. Jews quickly gained influence in financial and therefore government circles.

The Bank of England – to which Dr Bolton also refers in the same sentence as his mention of Cromwell – was established in 1694, during the reign of William III and Mary. By that time the Lord Protector had been dead for 36 years. Three kings had ruled since then – Charles II, the "merry monarch" who was in the pocket of Louis XIV of France; James II, deposed by his subjects in 1688; and the foreign king William of Orange. Cromwell's Commonwealth was by then reviled, and his exhumed head had been displayed on a spike outside Westminster Hall until 1685 – a mere nine years before the founding of the Bank of England.

Sincerely,

Alan James, Melbourne, Australia

Sir – Kerry Bolton's review of Steve Goodson's book is excellent, though Goodson is wrong on a few points. The Jews entered England in 969 (it's in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*). William I, who started as a collection agent for the Pierleone banking family (which controlled the Church in the 11th century) broke free and ended up as a great nationalist, which is why the Jews of Lucca (in Italy, near Florence) assassinated his son William II. Regardless though Bolton is a great writer.

Your *Movement News* was fascinating as always, and you motivated me to buy Bolton's book on Stalin. I'm in prison with Victor Bout, the Russian arms dealer (played by Nicholas Cage in the film *Lord of War)*. he and the folk he deals with in Russia 100% believe as Bolton does.

Yours Sincerely,

Bill White, United States Penitentiary, Marion, Illinois

Movement News Update

Unsurprisingly there has not been a single by-election campaign by a nationalist party in the months since the general election, while UKIP's internal divisions and low morale have produced consistently poor results. In all but one of the by-elections since May, where there was an earlier UKIP result for comparison, the party's vote fell. The only exception was a tiny 1% increase in a Glasgow by-election, where UKIP is irrelevant anyway.

Most notable was a by-election in Mill Hill ward, **Blackburn**, on July 23rd. This is the ward famously won by the BNP's Robin Evans at an earlier by-election in 2002, where in one of the first victories for Nick Griffin's party he polled 32.1%. In May this year UKIP finished distant runners-up in Mill Hill with 28.4%, but might have been expected to benefit from by-election circumstances, when they could concentrate their resources and present themselves as the only alternative to Labour. Yet in the July by-election UKIP support slipped back to 20.8% – well under half the Labour vote in a ward that once backed the BNP!

As *H&D* has argued for some time, UKIP is proving unable to sharpen its appeal to voters in the north of England, especially in those working class areas (often racially divided) where the BNP once had significant backing.

More worrying still for Nigel Farage's party has been UKIP's steep decline in recent months even in parts of southern England which once seemed their natural territory. Some of the party's problems are due to failure to cope with the demands of elected office. For example in the Essex council area of **Tendring** (which includes the **Clacton** constituency of UKIP's sole MP Douglas Carswell), UKIP's group of 22 councillors was the second largest on the council and faced the choice of whether to support the ruling Conservative administration or to seek an alternative alliance with various independents and other parties. Predictably UKIP was unable to reach an agreed position, and one of the pro-Conservative faction ended up resigning from the council altogether, forcing a by-election on July 16th, which UKIP lost, their vote falling from 48.5% to 38.5%. If this sort of chaos, demoralisation and rapid electoral decline is under way in UKIP's flagship borough, what hope is there elsewhere?

On the same day as this Tendring debacle, UKIP lost another seat in a county council by-election for the Gorleston St Andrews division of **Norfolk**, where UKIP councillor Matthew Smith had been disqualified for the criminal offence of submitting forged signatures on his nomination papers for the 2013 elections. Mr Smith belatedly confessed to the offence, and was very lucky not to be sent to prison, having in a previous trial insisted that he was the victim of a complex conspiracy involving the switching of nomination papers. In the by-election UKIP's vote collapsed from 36.7% to 13.9%.

Arguably the most disturbing part of this story is that when Mr Smith first came to trial in January, a Norfolk jury cleared him of several charges and was unable to reach a verdict on the remaining two, thus forcing an expensive retrial. In other words the jury (perhaps like so many Britons having lost faith in their political and justice system) preferred to believe any old conspiracist rubbish rather than the manifest truth. Moreover even after repeatedly lying and incurring great public expense, UKIP's Mr Smith was spared jail. Contrast this with his namesake Steve Smith (then organiser of Burnley BNP) who foolishly committed a similar offence by forging signatures on **Lancashire** county council nomination papers in 2001. Though Steve Smith had entered a guilty plea straight away, he was given a six month jail sentence. Perhaps his most serious crime was to be in the BNP?

That party has virtually ceased to exist as an electoral force, but strangely one BNP member did win election as a parish councillor on August 13th in the Essex parish of **Heybridge**. After a campaign which focused almost entirely on her opposition to an unpopular local housing development, BNP activist Tina Gentry was elected top of the poll in a dual vacancy parish by-election for Heybridge West ward with 230 votes (76%). However one should note that she was not actually listed as a BNP candidate on the ballot paper, where her description was "Fighting Unsustainable Housing Because We Care". The BNP website portrays Ms Gentry inaccurately as having been elected as a BNP candidate: she was not.

Elsewhere nationalism during the summer of 2015 has been about demonstrations and meetings rather than elections, as our movement struggles to work out where we go from here. Among the better attended marches was a National Front event in Wakefield on July 25th, addressed by speakers including Richard Edmonds and NF chairman Kevin Bryan. Wakefield is one of many Yorkshire boroughs with huge nationalist potential.

The National Front took to the streets of Wakefield on July 25, where around 150 supporters marched through the Yorkshire town, led by NF chairman Kevin Bryan.

The NF was relieved to hold a successful event after an earlier shambles in Stockton-on-Tees in the North East, which had descended into a physical confrontation between two party officials old enough to know better: the North East's Simon Biggs and the North West's Kevin McMahon. The event was a joint venture between the NF and the North East/West Infidels, an EDL splinter group. A later NF internal inquiry put the blame on Biggs, and he was forced to resign from the party, amid the usual online sniping from both sides.

Meanwhile on June 27th the tiny Islamophobic group Britain First, very active in internet fundraising and headed by former Nick Griffin aide Paul Golding, attracted more than 200 marchers to its latest demonstration in Luton, birthplace of the EDL. The High Court had earlier rejected police efforts to ban Britain First's leaders from entering Luton, though upholding other injunctions that prevent Golding and his deputy Jayda Franzen from barging into mosques.

Quite what any of this has to do with nationalist politics (as opposed to fundraising) is beyond me, especially as Mr Golding and Ms Franzen repeatedly insist their group is "not racist". At the end of January 2015, Britain First staged a "solidarity patrol" in the Golders Green area of north London, ostensibly in support of local Jews. This followed reports of surveys indicating that some Jews were thinking of leaving the UK because of "antisemitism". Paul Golding told *The Times of Israel*: "It's quite scandalizing how the Jews have been treated."

A rather different view was taken by a coalition of mainly London-based nationalists who backed a demonstration (originally planned for Golders Green). This aimed to protest against the Jewish religious police force known as Shomrim, and related questions of double standards by which Jewish groups are encouraged to run their own private security operations and practise forms of racism and sexism that would be forbidden to Gentiles.

The event was diverted at the last moment due to pressure from Jewish groups, despite the organisers having been given police permission to demonstrate in Golders Green. Instead it was moved to Whitehall, where speakers including the present author as well as Jez Turner of the London Forum, Mark Atkinson of RVF, Piers Mellor of New Dawn and the BNP's Kevin Layzell were confronted by hundreds of Jewish militants and anti-fascists: the combined supporters of anti-British terrorism – the friends of the King David Hotel bombing standing in solidarity with the friends of the IRA.

A more puzzling confrontation took place outside the Ukrainian Embassy on August 2nd, where Piers Mellor spoke at a demonstration in support of the pro-Russian movement Novorossiya, backed by Liam Kernaghan of the British Democratic Party, and former BNP activist Donna Treanor. This demo was vocally opposed by a rival pro-Ukrainian group, also including British and European nationalists led by veteran Italian activist Francesco Fontana, who was a member of the banned movement Avanguardia Nazionale during the late 1970s and early '80s, when he visited the NF headquarters at Pawsons Road.

Mr Fontana had attended the successful White Man March in Newcastle on March 21st. A second White Man March was planned for Liverpool on August 15th, but ended in a violent stand-off at the city's Lime Street train station where around 100 nationalists were confronted by a much larger mob of "anti-fascists" (well over 1,000 by all accounts). There has been much debate online about whether National Action's deliberately confrontational approach is a failed strategy. In fact the Liverpool White Man March offers NA and others the chance to learn a few lessons without (fortunately) having had to pay a heavy price in terms of injuries or arrests. Those who argue that they would be better off leafletting for a political party ignore one obvious fact: there is little or no mainstream nationalist electoral activity taking place, so which party are these young nationalists supposed to join?

French nationalist leader Marine Le Pen (*above left*) is locked in an even more bitter confrontation with her father Jean-Marie Le Pen, the FN's founder.

On the same day the rapidly declining English Defence League held a march in Walsall, West Midlands, which attracted about 160 drawn from various anti-Muslim groups and football firms. Ex-UKIP member Paul Weston, who attempted to form a political wing of the EDL a few years ago, and is now running a tiny party called Liberty GB, addressed the Swinton Circle at the Morpeth Arms, Westminster, on July 31st. Meeting organiser Alan Harvey took his usual abrasive line with audience members during the Q&A, and became so abusive that the pub's landlord eventually barred him from his own meeting!

Francesco Fontana (*above*), a veteran Italian nationalist, fought with the Azov Battalion in Ukraine and backs pro-Ukrainian demonstrations in London.

After their earlier attack on a London Forum meeting in May, under the hilarious headline "Nazi invasion of London exposed", the *Mail on Sunday* ran another full page article about the Forum's meeting featuring historian David Irving on July 25th. Fellow speakers at this event in a Knightsbridge hotel included Abdallah Melaouhi, who was a nurse at Spandau prison during the last few years of Rudolf Hess's life.

Quite why the *Mail* still fears national socialism so much, almost thirty years on from Hess's death and seventy years after the end of the Second World War, remains a mystery. Video of Mr Irving's speech can be viewed on his website at **www.fpp.co.uk**

At the start of August the *Daily Mail* broadened their attack with a series of "exposés" aimed at Jeremy Corbyn, a candidate for the leadership of the Labour Party. Though seen as the most left-wing of the leadership candidates, Corbyn has a long record of support for Palestinian causes. Ultra-Zionist journalist Jake Wallis-Simons has written a series of attacks on Corbyn for the *Mail*, focusing on the Labour MP's connections with anti-Zionists Paul Eisen, Rev. Stephen Sizer and (most recently) Dr James Thring.

Dr Thring (an *H&D* subscriber) has been involved in the anti-war and pro-Palestinian movements for decades: Wallis-Simons labelled him as a "neo-Nazi" because he has been interviewed online by Dr David Duke, who is invariably described by the *Mail* as "former Ku Klux Klan leader".

The tiny Veritas party, founded by ex-MP and ex-MEP Robert Kilroy Silk but more recently led by Therese Hirst, closed down and merged with what's left of the English Democrats in mid-June. Ms Hirst (also known as Muchewicz) was made ED Deputy Chairman and National Council Member straight away.

Hirst has been the nominal leader of Veritas since 2008, and will be ED candidate for West Yorkshire Police Commissioner next year, when the party will put up a full slate of 37 candidates for all the Police Commissioner positions in England. Despite spending less than £1,000 nationally on the last Police Commissioner elections, all English Democrats' candidates retained their deposits and, in one case, came second. Next year they will be lucky to save even one deposit.

Robin Tilbrook, the Chairman of the English Democrats effectively owns the party, but otherwise might now be under pressure to step down as party leader since their terrible performance in this year's General Election (at which Hirst strangely stood in Bradford West for the English Democrats, finishing last of the eight candidates with 98 votes). Although it's hard to see how merging his tiny party with Veritas (who have at most twenty members left) will help his cause?

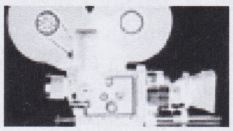
Europe's most successful nationalist party – the French National Front (FN) – continues to be overshadowed by the extraordinary personal and political dispute between party leader Marine Le Pen and her 87-year-old father, FN founder Jean-Marie Le Pen. Since our last issue, Jean-Marie Le Pen has won three court cases overturning his suspension from the party and annulling a postal ballot of FN members that would have removed his position of Honorary President.

Supposedly 94% of FN members had voted to support Marine Le Pen and oust her father, but his court victories mean that a party assembly would have to be summoned, at which members would vote in person on a resolution to remove him. Meanwhile Jean-Marie Le Pen has been summoned to a special hearing of the FN executive on August 20th, where he will face disciplinary charges and probably be expelled.

Another of the party's senior figures, MEP and former leadership candidate Bruno Gollnisch, is trying to act as peacemaker in the increasingly bitter dispute, but matters have probably gone too far to be resolved. Early in August, Jean-Marie Le Pen denounced his daughter in a newspaper interview: "She proclaims she wants to be head of state but she deprives herself of the means to achieve her ambition. She is qualified neither ethically nor politically. She is sawing off the branch on which she sits with these actions, which even revolt her enemies."

At present opinion polls still suggest Marine Le Pen could finish first or second in the 2017 French presidential election, though losing in the second round, and she now appears vulnerable to a slight revival in support for previously unpopular Socialist President François Hollande. In December this year the French regional elections might yet see the FN opposed by a rival nationalist slate organised by the party's founder. One of the secrets of the Le Pen party's success had been that it had no effective rival on the right: sadly that era might now be ending.

Peter Rushton, Manchester, England

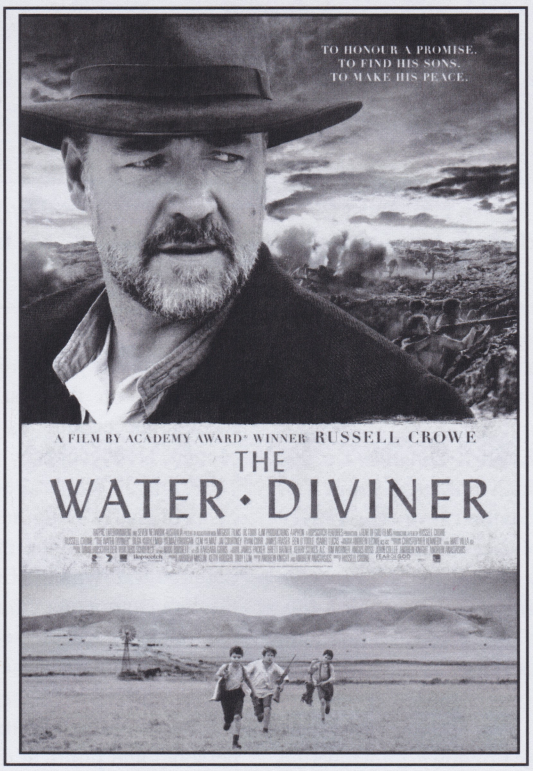


Movie Review: *The Water Diviner*

Released UK – May 2015. Distributed by Warner Brothers. Directed by: Russell Crowe; Rated: R; Running time: 111 minutes.

This is one movie I really wanted to see on the big screen – but I missed it. So I had another three months to get it on a DVD – but hey, it was well worth the wait. Being a big fan of Russell Crowe (who not only starred in the movie, but also directed it) and having a even bigger interest in the First World War, made this a no-brainer for me to review.

Way before Christmas, movie critics were discussing *The Water Diviner,* but not just for the content of the movie, oh no. They were all intrigued by the fact that it was the directorial debut of one Russell Ira Crowe. Would there have been as much conversation around the movie were it made by another first-time director? Would the movie have even been made had Crowe not put his weight behind it and chosen it as his debut project? Probably not and so we can at least thank him for deciding to do something suitable for his stage in life by bringing audiences a WWI drama that major studios don't tend to make much anymore.



While this is by no means a substantial movie it is more passable for its well-meaning story and, at the very least, to see where Crowe's inclinations lead him as a director and what we can take away from this semi-experiment that might apply to better, more assured products under Crowe's supervision in the future. That isn't to say *The Water Diviner* is a bad movie or one that is actively trying to be nothing more than adequate, it is just simply that: adequate on every level without coming close to exceptional in any case.

Some parts are stronger than others, some acting is better given what characters are included in a given scene, some scenes are staged more effectively than others with more interesting shooting techniques while the pacing is about as good as one could expect given the movie doesn't know how to cut the unnecessary plot points that probably felt necessary in the script, but make the experience of actually watching the movie drag on.

There is no doubt that Crowe and screenwriters Andrew Knight and Andrew Anastasios intended this to be something of a large, sweeping historical epic, but the scale of movie-making is simply not here for that ambition to be met. The impact of the story is felt more through the acting of Crowe than any of his directorial choices that might have made this a more affecting and therefore more significant experience.

And so back to the movie, the incredibly brutal Battle of Gallipoli (which lasted from 25 April 1915 to 9 January 1916) rages on, the Turkish troops, led by Major Hasan (Yilmaz Erdogan) prepare for their assault on the invading Anzac (Australian and New Zealand) forces. As they charge towards the sea they are shocked to find no resistance. As they overrun the barricades they see that the Anzacs have withdrawn. History will tell us that the combined Anzac forces lost over 11,000 people here; the Turks 17,000. But it will take a father's love to begin to give all of those lost souls some sense of peace.

The Water Diviner has already been honoured in its native country, winning three Australian Academy Awards, including Best Picture out of a total of eight nominations. Incredibly Russell Crowe's, who by the way is a New Zealand national, direction went un-nominated. There was a time many years ago when Crowe would have gone out, got drunk and punched somebody for this slight. And I would have been right beside him! Like Kevin Costner with *Dances with Wolves*, he has taken a prime piece of history and woven it into an epic piece of story-telling.

Crowe plays Joshua Connor, a middle-aged WA farmer whose three sons went off to battle and never came home. As the outback is very dry (we learn that sometimes it doesn't rain for years at a time), Connor often spends his days with divining rods, looking for a place to sink his next well. It has been four years since the war ended and Connor's wife Eliza (Jacqueline McKenzie) still grieves. She also is in disbelief, insisting that he goes into the boys' room before bed and read to them. To appease her, he does, and it's heartbreaking to watch this father surrounded by three empty beds trying to get through *The Arabian Nights.*

After another family tragedy Connor sets off to Turkey with hopes of finding his sons' bodies and having them buried back home in Aussie. When he arrives in Istanbul he is greeted by a young lad named Orhan (Dylan Georgiades) who leads him to a hotel run by his mother, Ayshe (Kurylenko). Her husband has also not returned from battle but she refuses to accept his death, instead stressing to her son (and herself) that he is just "away."

This is unsettling to her brother-in-law, who feels he has a duty to take her as a wife and raise his brother's son as his own (as is done in much of Muslim society).

After some red-tape cutting, Connor finds himself in the battle zone, where British troops are constantly digging up new skeletons. Joining the British in this expedition is Major Hasan and his trusted assistant, Cemal (Cem Yilmaz). Learning when the boys died, the Major leads Connor to a section of beach that stretches for miles. When the officers are questioned by others why they should change everything (there method of operations) for one father who can't stay put, Major Hasan replies, "because he is the only father who came looking."

As an actor, Crowe has seldom been better. His devotion to family, his bonding with young Orhan, the growing respect and admiration he has for Orhan's mother (and she for him) is evident in every frame. As Ayshe, Kurylenko is strong and brave, refusing to give up her husband's memory. Erdogan and Yilmaz are also excellent, allowing just a bit of decency to creep through their military ethic.

Technically, the movie is beautifully done. The photography, both during the battle scenes and later, when taking in the beautiful Turkish countryside, is outstanding. Production values are top notch all around and the musical score, by David Hirshfelder (*Shine* 1996 and the more recent *John Doe: Vigilante*) helps provide the right emotional cues. *The Water Diviner* is a first rate classic that's sure to be remembered come Oscar time.

Now here's a little trivia for you. What do these people all have in common: Robert Redford, Warren Beatty, Kevin Costner, Clint Eastwood, Mel Gibson and Ron Howard? The answer is that they are all well-known actors who have also won an Oscar for directing. Now if the Hollywood Jewish elite thought like me, this list could also include Paul Newman, and Penny Marshall. It should already include Ben Affleck and I wouldn't be surprised if it one day includes George Clooney. I mention all this because there is a very good chance another name could join this group soon: Russell Crowe. Watch this space.

Reviewed by Mark Cotterill, Preston, Lancashire